JUKE

· THE · MUSIC · MAGAZINE ·

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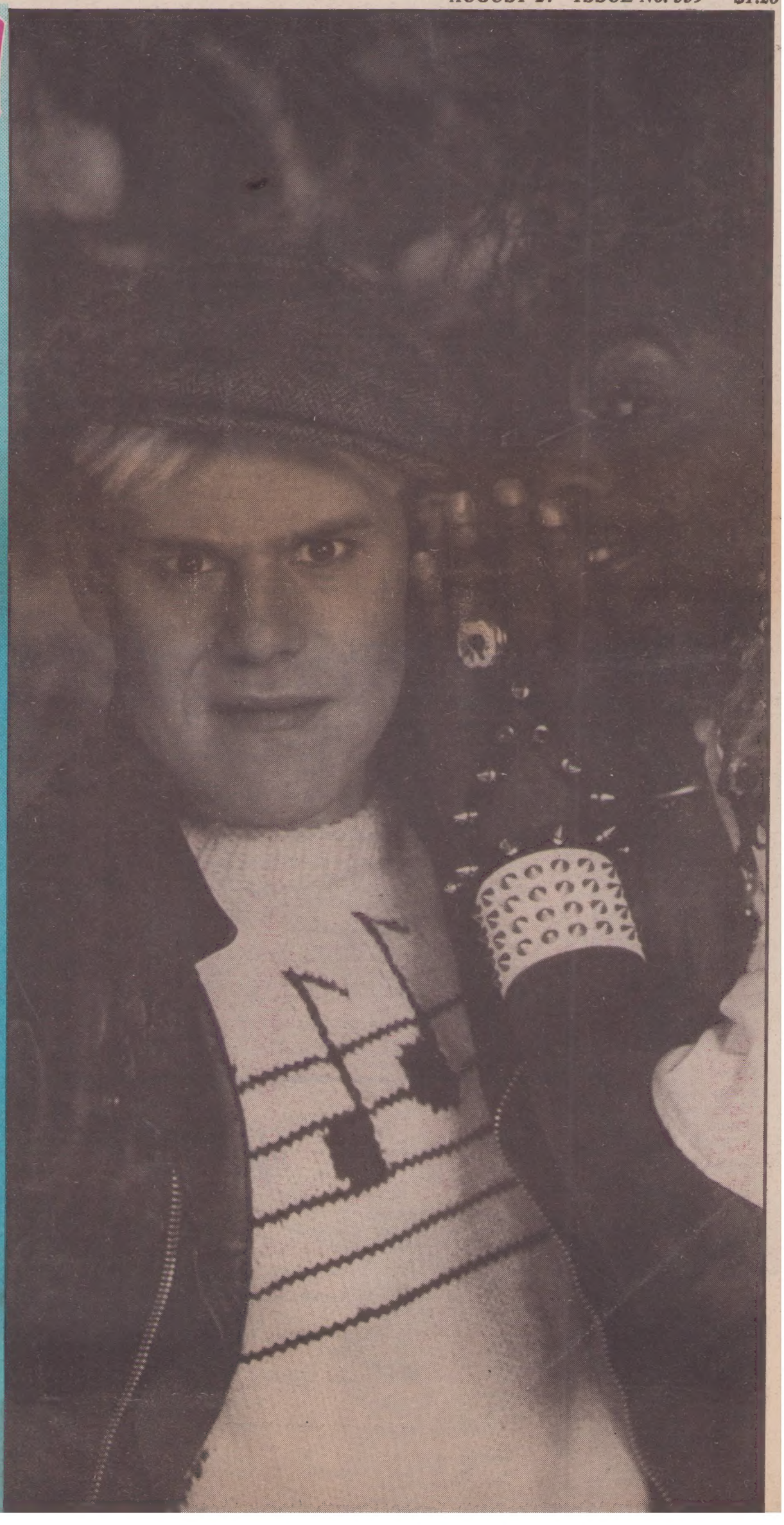
Psst! Heard the one about Dolby's Cube?

PLUS:
Eurythmics
Frankie Goes To Hollywood
Marc Hunter
Motels
Party Girls
Lighthouse Keepers
Blasters
Beat Farmers
. . . and more!

REVIEWED:
Australian Crawl, Motels, Jimmy Barnes, Swanee. . . .

MODELS ALBUMS
TO BE WON!



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Australia

1	1	**WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO, Tina Turner**		**Festival**
2	2	**OUT OF MIND, OUT OF SIGHT, Models**		**Festival**
3	3	**CRAZY FOR YOU, Madonna**		**WEA**
4	11	**AXEL F, Harold Faltermeyer**		**WEA**
5	—	**THERE MUST BE AN ANGEL, Eurythmics**		**RCA**
6	6	MAN OVERBOARD, Do Re Mi		Virgin
7	4	LIVE IT UP, Mental As Anything		WEA
8	5	ANGEL, Madonna		WEA
9	7	LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN, Dream Academy		WEA
10	15	(BILLY) DON'T LOSE MY NUMBER, Phil Collins		WEA
11	-	YOU ARE ONLY HUMAN, Billy Joel		CBS
12	9	HEAVEN, Bryan Adams		Festival
13	10	CALL ME, Go West		Festival
14	8	WALKING ON SUNSHINE, Katrina & The Waves		EMI
15	12	WOULD I LIE TO YOU, Eurythmics		RCA
16	-	IN MY HOUSE, Mary Jane Girls		RCA
17	21	BITTERSWEET, Hoodoo Gurus		EMI
18	18	GOONIES 'R' GOOD ENOUGH, Cyndi Lauper		CBS
19	14	VOICES CARRY, 'Til Tuesday		CBS
20	13	OBSESSION, Animotion		Polygram
21	17	IF YOU LOVE SOMEBODY SET THEM FREE, Sting		Festival
22	16	GET IT ON, The Power Station		EMI
23	6	MEMORY, Elaine Paige		Polygram
24	-	LEAD THE WAY, I'm Talking		Festival
25	19	LOOK MAMA, Howard Jones		WEA

1	2	**LITTLE CREATURES, Talking Heads**	**EMI**
2	-	**GREATEST HITS VOL I & II, Billy Joel**	**CBS**
3	3	**BROTHERS IN ARMS, Dire Straits**	**PolyGram**
4	4	**BE YOURSELF TONIGHT, Eurythmics**	**RCA**
5	-	**MARS NEEDS GUITARS, Hoodoo Gurus**	**EMI**
6	-	DOMESTIC HARMONY, Do Re Mi	Virgin
7	5	DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES, Sting	Festival
8	1	FLY ON THE WALL, AC/DC	EMI
9	7	NO JACKET REQUIRED, Phil Collins	WEA
10	6	FUNDAMENTAL, Mental As Anything	WEA
11	13	SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR, Tears For Fears	Polygram
12	10	OUR FAVOURITE SHOP, The Style Council	PolyGram
13	8	LIKE A VIRGIN, Madonna	WEA
14	12	BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE, Australian Crawl	RCA
15	16	BORN IN THE USA, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
16	14	GO WEST, Go West	Festival
17	9	'COS LIFE HURTS, Uncanny X-Men	Festival
18	11	EMPIRE BURLESQUE, Bob Dylan	CBS
19	15	BOYS AND GIRLS, Bryan Ferry	PolyGram
20	-	THEATRE OF PAIN, Motley Crue	WEA
21	-	VITAL IDOL, Billy Idol	Festival
22	-	CATS, Andrew Lloyd Webber	EMI
23	19	SWEET SIXTEEN, Sweet	RCA
24	17	UP TO THE MOMENT, Mondo Rock	PolyGram
25	18	DREAM INTO ACTION, Howard Jones	WEA

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1	2	**INTO THE GROOVE, Madonna**	**Sire**
2	1	**THERE MUST BE AN ANGEL, Eurythmics**	**RCA**
3	5	**WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO, Tina Turner**	**Capitol**
4	6	**LIVE IS LIFE, Opus**	**Polydor**
5	14	**MONEY FOR NOTHING, Dire Straits**	**Vertigo**
6	12	WHITE WEDDING, Billy Idol	Chrysalis
7	8	LIVING ON VIDEO, Trans X	Boiling Point
8	3	AXEL F, Harold Faltermeyer	MCA
9	4	FRANKIE, Sister Sledge	Atlantic
10	7	ROUND AND ROUND, Jaki Graham	EMI
11	9	CHERISH, Kool And The Gang	De-Lite
12	20	GLORY DAYS, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
13	10	MY TOOT TOOT, Denise LaSalle	Epic
14	—	I GOT YOU BABE, UB40 & Chrissie Hynde	Dep
15	11	CRAZY FOR YOU, Madonna	Geffen
16	19	IN BETWEEN DAYS, The Cure	Fiction
17	—	DON QUIXOTE, Nik Kershaw	MCA
18	17	SHE SELLS SANCTUARY, The Cult	Beggars Banquet
19	18	DARE ME, Pointer Sisters	Planet
20	—	HOLIDAY, Madonna	Sire
21	13	IN YOUR CAR, Cool Notes	Abstract Dance
22	22	LET ME BE THE ONE, Five Star	Tent
23	15	MONEY'S TOO TIGHT (TO MENTION), Simply Red	Elektra
24	—	RASPBERRY BERET, Prince	Paisley Park
25	16	I'M ON FIRE, Bruce Springsteen	CBS

1	3	**BROTHERS IN ARMS, Dire Straits**	**Vertigo**
2	1	**BORN IN THE USA, Bruce Springsteen**	**CBS**
3	2	**BE YOURSELF TONIGHT, Eurythmics**	**RCA**
4	4	**SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR, Tears For Fears**	**Mercury**
5	7	**LIKE A VIRGIN, Madonna**	**Sire**
6	5	NO JACKET REQUIRED, Phil Collins	Virgin
7	6	GREATEST HITS, Billy Joel	CBS
8	10	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE, U2	Island
9	20	THE KENNY ROGERS STORY, Kenny Rogers	Liberty
10	13	THE SECRET OF ASSOCIATION, Paul Young	CBS
11	8	PHANTASMAGORIA, The Damned	MCA
12	9	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD, Marillion	EMI
13	12	THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES, Sting	A&M
14	16	UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY, U2	Island
15	11	BOYS AND GIRLS, Bryan Ferry	Polydor
16	—	PRIVATE DANCER, Tina Turner	Capitol
17	—	MINX, Toyah	Portrait
18	17	ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, Alex Jones	BBC
19	—	LUXURY OF LIFE, Five Star	Tent
20	—	GREATEST HITS, Queen	EMI
21	18	CUPID AND PSYCHE '85, Scritti Politti	Virgin
22	14	THE RIVER, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
23	—	MADONNA, Madonna	Sire
24	—	VOICES FROM THE HOLY LAND, BBC Welsh Choir	BBC
25	22	CONTACT, Pointer Sisters	Planet

America

1	2	**SHOUT, Tears For Fears**	**Mercury**
2	5	**IF YOU LOVE SOMEBODY SET THEM FREE Sting**	**A&M**
3	3	**YOU GIVE GOOD LOVE, Whitney Houston**	**Arista**
4	7	**POWER OF LOVE, Huey Lewis And The News**	**Chrysalis**
5	8	**NEVER SURRENDER, Corey Hart**	**EMI**
6	1	EVERYTIME YOU GO AWAY, Paul Young	Columbia
7	4	RASPBERRY BERET, Prince	Paisley Park/Warner Bros
8	14	FREEWAY OF LOVE, Aretha Franklin	Arista
9	9	GLORY DAYS, Bruce Springsteen	Columbia
10	11	SENTIMENTAL STREET, Night Ranger	Camel
11	13	GET IT ON (BANG A GONG), The Power Station	Capitol
12	16	ST. ELMO'S FIRE (MAN IN MOTION), John Parr	Atlantic
13	15	WHO'S HOLDING DONNA NOW, DeBarge	Gordy/Motown
14	17	SUMMER OF '69, Bryan Adams	A&M
15	20	WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO, Tina Turner	Capitol
16	18	YOU SPIN ME ROUND (LIKE A RECORD), Dead Or ALive	Epic
17	19	PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE, Depeche Mode	Sire
18	6	A VIEW TO A KILL, Duran Duran	Capitol
19	10	WOULD I LIE TO YOU? Eurythmics	RCA
20	12	VOICES CARRY, 'Til Tuesday	Epic
21	25	WHAT ABOUT LOVE? Heart	Capitol
22	24	ROCK ME TONIGHT (FOR OLD TIMES SAKE), Freddie Jackson	Capitol
23	—	YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN (SECOND WIND), Billy Joel	Columbia
24	—	DON'T LOSE MY NUMBER, Phil Collins	Atlantic
25	21	19, Paul Hardcastle	Chrysalis

1	1	**SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR, Tears For Fears**	**Mercury**
2	2	**NO JACKET REQUIRED, Phil Collins**	**Atlantic**
3	3	**RECKLESS, Bryan Adams**	**A&M**
4	4	**BORN IN THE U.S.A., Bruce Springsteen**	**Columbia**
5	8	**THEATRE OF PAIN, Motley Crue**	**Elektra**
6	5	AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY, Prince	Paisley Park-/Warner Bros
7	7	INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY, RATT	Atlantic
8	9	BROTHERS IN ARMS, Dire Straits	Warner Bros
9	11	THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES, Sting	A&M
10	6	LIKE A VIRGIN, Madonna	Sire
11	10	WHITNEY HOUSTON, Whitney Houston	Arista
12	12	THE POWER STATION, The Power Station	Capitol
13	13	BE YOURSELF TONIGHT, Eurythmics	RCA
14	17	LITTLE CREATURES, Talking Heads	Sire
15	—	GREATEST HITS VOL. 1 & II, Billy Joel	Columbia
16	14	MAKE IT BIG, Wham!	Columbia
17	15	BEVERLY HILLS COP, Original Soundtrack	MCA
18	16	DREAM INTO ACTION, Howard Jones	Elektra
19	22	ROCK ME TONIGHT, Freddie Jackson	Capitol
20	18	7 WISHES, Night Ranger	MCA
21	25	WORLD WIDE LIVE, Scorpions	Mercury
22	23	THE SECRET OF ASSOCIATION, Paul Young	Columbia
23	19	VOICES CARRY, 'Til Tuesday	Epic
24	24	FABLES OF THE RECONSTRUCTION, R.E.M.	MCA
25	20	VITAL SIGNS, Survivor	Scotti Bros

Yesteryear

SINGLES FIVE YEARS AGO

1 CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC, Village People
2 TURNING JAPANESE, The Vapors
3 CALL ME, Blondie
4 TIRED OF TOEIN' THE LINE, Rocky Burnette
5 COMING UP, Paul McCartney
6 YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVING FEELING, Long John Baldry
7 NO SECRETS, The Angels
8 THE ROSE, Bette Midler
9 THERE AIN'T NO AGE FOR ROCK AND ROLL, The Veterans
10 BRASS IN POCKET, The Pretenders

ALBUMS FIVE YEARS AGO

1 CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC, Original Soundtrack
2 UNMASKED, Kiss
3 DARK ROOM, The Angels
4 EAST, Cold Chisel
5 GLASS HOUSES, Billy Joel
6 SKY 2, Sky
7 THE ROSE, Original Soundtrack
8 THE MAGIC OF BONEY M, Boney M
9 STARDUST, Willie Nelson
10 TRUE COLOURS, Split Enz

SINGLES TEN YEARS AGO

1 YESTERDAYS HERO, John Paul Young
2 JANUARY, Pilot
3 HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY, Tony Christie
4 EGO IS NOT A DIRTY WORD, Skyhooks
5 GONNA MAKE YOU A STAR, David Essex
6 BEFORE THE NEXT TEARDROP FALLS, Freddie Fender
7 KILLER QUEEN, QUEEN
8 DOWN, DOWN, Status Quo
9 LOVIN' YOU, Minnie Riperton
10 LADY MARMALADE, Labelle

ALBUMS TEN YEARS AGO

1 JUST A BOY, Leo Sayer
2 CAPTAIN FANTASTIC, Elton John
3 FIRST IMPRESSIONS, Olivia Newton-John
4 PHYSICAL GRAFFITTI, Led Zeppelin
5 LIVING IN THE SEVENTIES, Skyhooks
6 ON THE LEVEL, Status Quo
7 VENUS AND MARS, Paul McCartney & Wings
8 THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR, Rick Wakeman
9 STRAIGHT SHOOTER, Bad Company
10 HIGH VOLTAGE, AC/DC

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Do Re Mi
2 BITTERSWEET
Hoodoo Gurus
3 IN TOO DEEP
Dead Or Alive
4 AUDREY HEPBURN
The Vitabeats
5 LIFE IN A NORTHERN TOWN
Dream Academy
6 OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND
The Models
7 WAVING A FLAG
Pookah Makes 3
8 KINGS AND QUEENS
Killing Joke
9 GOODBYE BAD TIMES
Phil Oakey and Georgio Moroder
10 ICING ON THE CAKE
Stephen Duffy

• **Chart supplied by THE-FM, Hobart**

INXS: National dates

The new INXS album is complete and scheduled for release — and their Australian dates of their world tour have been finalised.

Michael Hutchence, Andrew Farriss and Kirk Pengilly recently put the final touches to the new album — the band's fifth — in the Air Studios in London.

The album is titled *Listen Like Thieves,* and is scheduled for Australian release on September 22, a week ahead of the rest of the world.

INXS' world tour is also titled *Listen Like Thieves,* and will commence in Australia on August 28. The tour moves from Australia, through New Zealand, Europe and the United States.

The national tour dates are as follows:
August 28 — Entertainment Centre, Hobart
31 — Launceston Velodrome
September 4 — Entertainment Centre, Perth
8 — Sports And Entertainment Centre, Melbourne
13 — Bruce Indoor Stadium,, Canberra
15 — Entertainment Centre, Sydney
20 — Chandler Velodrome, Brisbane
21 — Music Bowl, Rockhampton
22 — Mackay Showgrounds
24 — Cairns Showgrounds
25 — Townsville Dean Park Sound Shell
29 — Darwin Ampitheatre

Tickets for the shows, which are now on sale, are $18, plus booking fee. The Tasmanian shows are $15 plus booking fee. According to promoters, when tickets went on sale in Tasmania, box office receipts on the first day were higher than any other in Tasmania's history.

WEA Records, who are eagerly awaiting the release of the new album, have reported that the band's previous album, *The Swing* has now become one of Australia's five, top selling albums.

Domestic sales are in excess of 250,000, which puts it in the same league as Skyhooks' *Living In The Seventies* and Cold Chisel's *East.*

In America, *The Swing* sold in excess of 350,000 copies and the hit single from it, "Original Sin" went to Number One in several territories. (Pic: Tony Mott).

ZZ Top go back on the road

ZZ Top, who've twice had to postpone their first tour of Australia, are back on the road after their long break — and are likely to tour here in late summer.

The Texan boogie-meisters were originally going to tour here last December, but were instructed by their American record label to abandon all touring plans to enter the studios and cut a follow-up to the successful *Eliminator* album.

They were looking at June, but Dusty Hill's shooting accident, which delayed recording brought an end to those plans.

ZZ Top are touring extensively through Europe over the next few months, after appearing at the Castle Donington Monsters Of Metal Festival, England.

Recently the three gave the London press a strange sort of press conference — they were in their hometown of Houston and speaking by satellite to the British hacks in Soho eight thou sand miles away.

Aside from the sheer uncomfortable situation of their set up (they couldn't see the journos, there were a lot of dumb questions, and the three nervously joked amongst themselves a lot) ZZ were pretty reticent about their long overdue follow-up to *Eliminator.* It will continue their dabbling with synthesisers.

Had you been asked to appear at Live Aid?

Billy Gibbon: "Yes, but we were too busy finishing off our next album."

Did you regret your decision not to take part?

"We regretted it then".

How have videos changed your audience?

"We've recaptured the 15 year old girls."

Have you seen *Rambo?*

"Rambo bad! Rambo *bad* We lurved it! I saw it twice."

Billy, as an art lover, who's your current favourite painter?

"A Mexican surrealist called Freda Kahlo."

Who's your favourite new American band? "The Tailgaters, who've got a fantastic bassist called Keith Ferguson, who used to be with The Fabulous Thunderbirds. But we've been locked away in the studios for so long we haven't seen any new bands."

Will you introduce any new cover versions in your set?

"James Brown's 'Cold Sweat' would definitely be one."

Can you tell us what tush means?

"Er, it's slang for derriere."

Would you recommend the carrying of personal firearms, Dusty, after you shot yourself?

"Not in your boot!"

Do you sleep with your beards over or under the bedclothes?

"I guess you'd have to be a female to discover that".

After 15 years together, any personality problems?

Dusty: 'Yeah, I have a personality problem, and the others agree."

Will you ever shave off those beards?

"Maybe they'll just fall off. Gillette (the razor blade company) here in the States wanted us to shave. But we're just too ugly." s

Why abandon the Mexican theme for the title of your last LP?

"Well, actually it's *El Iminta-tor!*"

— JILLIAN HUGHESR

Led Zeppelin are about to reform for at least an album and tour — according to the three major English music magazines.

If that isn't startling enough — considering the amount of times that Jimmy Page, Robert Plant and John Paul Jones have denied it would ever happen — their choice of replacement for late drummer John Bonham is also having heavy rock fans blinking in shock.

The man who will sit behind the double bass drums will be Tony Thompson, of Chic/Power Station.

Nevertheless, just a spin of Power Station's current single "Get It On" should show that Thompson has the same thud-thud attack as Bonham used to.

So far, the news has not been confirmed by any of the Zeppelin members.

The three created a surprise when they walked on at the *Live Aid* show, with Phil Collins filling in on drums. After their 1980 press release where they announced they were disbanding because they could not, in all conscience, do any more Zeppelin numbers without Bonham, they startled audiences by launching into three of their best known songs "Rock And Roll", "Whole Lotta Love" and "Stairway To Heaven".

After the show, they made it clear to journalists that the reunion had been a one-off.

However, clearly neither Plant's solo works, nor Page's work with his band The Firm have come near to achieving Zeps artistic levels.

It is not understood if the Zeppelin reformation — if it does indeed take place — is a temporary thing, and if the members will return to their solo projects.

— STU COLEMAN.

And now, the Nancy'n Sid show

Despite the fact that shooting is scheduled to start in England next month, casting for the lead roles in the movie about Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen in the Alex Cox movie *Love Kills* has not been finalised.

Although hip actor Rupert Everett has been going around claiming he turned down the role, it seems that he was never even in the running.

The casting company for the movie, the Soho-based Zenith, is mystified by his remarks. In any case, it's unlikely Everett would even have been approached: the US backers favour an unknown rather than a big name.

They are interested in one Daniel Day Lewis, who was seen recently on a British TV show playing a guy bully boy on *My Beautiful Laundrette* and in Merchant Ivory's *Room With A View.*

Ads have been placed in the music magazines for Vicious lookalikes, and Zenith reports that there has been considerable response from those with definitive sneers.

'We are after a lookalike, although we are still trying out professional actors," says a Zenith spokesperson. 'We are looking at the widest range of people possible to get the right person."

And who plays Spungen?

According to a report in British magazine *Time Out,* "the name on everybody's lips is Madonna."

(However, Ms Crucifix is far too committed to a Walt Disney movie).

Even more surprising is the fact that no other major roles have been cast.

Q: Who will play the other Sex Pistols in the film?

A: (from Zenith spokesperson): "I have no information on that."

Q: Have they been approached to play themselves? Will Malcolm McLaren play himself?

"Err. . .ummm. . .I'm not aware of that."

Alex Cox, the man best known for *Repo Man,* is adamant that the project will eventuate.

"I've always wanted to do that," he explained. 'I wrote a very bad script about Sid and Nancy in 1980 but couldn't get it made because no one in the States was interested. They still aren't, in fact. The young people are interested, but the people at the studios are, shall we say square."

Although the Vicious story has all the hallmarks of a b-grade Yank movie — pop star with British accent finds fame, changes the course of music, kills girlfriend and junks out in the infamous Chelsea Hotel — Cox says that the movie is not sensational.

"I wrote it with a woman called Abbe Woll and it's really quite romantic, as opposed to being crash and brash. But they're fearful, they don't want to make anything original and inspired in America now. They just want to make the same stuff as they always do."— STU COLEMAN

• SID VICIOUS

• NANCY SPUNGEN

Le Bon's close shave

Duran Duran singer Simon Le Bon escaped drowning early last week when his racing yacht *Drum* collapsed off a competition near Cornwall.

Although a lot of yachts pulled out of the race due to the dreadful weather, Le Bon and his 20-man crew insisted they'd rough it out. *Drum* turned over, causing some members of the crew to cling on for dear life. It was not damaged.

Le Bon was below deck at the time of the accident.

But he emerged safe and sound, and rarin' to go back to more competitions.

Drum easily won another competition some weeks ago at the Isle Of Wight.

As has been reported before, Le Bon will fly to Auckland in February to join the crew of *Drum* as it sails past the Cape Of Good Hope on a world trek.

• SIMON LE BON

Are you ready for Mod Aid?

English and American mod musicians will be the latest to get together to record a Ethiopian single, under the name Mod Aid?

This one's the brainchild of mod journo Mark Johnson, who's called on like-minded bands to contribute, and says that he's got the nod of approval from '60s mod figures (like Stevie Marriott? Roger Daltrey?) to lend a hand.

The one daunting thing about the project is that the lead singer on the record is the appalling Eleanor Rigby, a lady with a nondescript voice, who's based her entire career by (false) claims that John Lennon and Paul McCartney wrote their classic song about her (In fact, McCartney did not even meet her until earlier this year).

● **Some of the top names in the Fremantle (WA) got together last Wednesday at the Melbourne Hotel for a benefit concert for the East African starving.**

It was WA's first active community effort towards the appeal — 12 bands played for eight hours, a variety of musical styles, from reggae, folk, jazz, blues and rock.

Bands included the Steve Tallis Unit, Twelve Tribes Collective, Bece Gilbert & The Refugees, Satch Band, Errol Tout, Nansing Quartet and Jam Tarts.

The show, which is expected to raise $10,000 for the appeal, was put together by an English tourist, Philip Stevens, who'll be in Australia until October.

Stevens was inspired by the *Live Aid* show to get something together. The concert was privately video-taped and recorded by — 6UVS-FM.

● **In Victoria, Premier John Cain presented Ian Meldrum with a cheque for $5,000 for his efforts in organising the Australian end of Live aid.**

The Oz For Africa telethon has now raised $4.1 million and looks like going over the $5 million mark. Aside from turning over his $5,000 cheque to the appeal, Meldrum is also putting together an auction of all the gifts sent in during the Live Aid appeal.

● Even opera singers did their bit for Ethiopia. On the weekend, names like Luciano Pavarotti, Placido Domingo and Kiri Te Kanawa played a show at the Arena di Verona in Italy. It was broadcast only on local TV, but will be available in Australia on commercial video.

● It is well known that bands like U2, Cars and Queen enjoyed a resurgence of popularity after *Live Aid*.

Queen — acclaimed as the highlight of the whole show — have been so overwhelmed by the reaction that they've rushed into the studios to cut a new single . . . seven months before they planned to.

— ROBIN SHELLEY & MARK CROMELIN

Culture reward

Culture Club's Australian fans have been rewarded for their loyalty — but they'd better put their roller skates on for this one.

Virgin Records in Australia has decided to issue both a 7" and 12" of "The Medal Song", but the release is to be incredibly limited.

The company said that the decision to release the song as a single was made to recognise the band's fans in Australia.

However, they have announced that there will be only 5,000 copies of the 7" pressed, and 2,000 copies of the 12".

The singles have been pressed in Australia, but are inserted into English covers, gatefold and in full colour.

The song is, of course, taken from the band's enormously successful, *Waking Up With The House On Fire* album.

The flip is "Don't Go Down That Street".

In aid of AIDS

There'll be a huge, star-studded benefit concert for AIDS at London's Wembley Arena in October — and among those asked to play are Queen, Diana Ross, Eurythmics, Helen Terry, Joan Rivers and former Bronski Beat front person Jimmy Somerville.

The show is the brainchild of 'beautiful person' Philip Salon, who runs the Mud Club.

Salon, who intends to raise about A$130,000 for AIDS research projects has also asked his close friend Boy George to throw in his support by appearing with Culture Club.

In America, actress Elizabeth Taylor is also organising an AIDS benefit, with Teddy Pendergrass starring.

Sammy Hagar joins Halen!

Sammy Hagar has replaced David Lee Roth as the vocalist for Van Halen — and that's official.

A quick call to the WEA press office in London put paid to the 'Has he, hasn't he' rumours that have been flying thick and fast over the past couple of weeks.

David Lee Roth is currently working on a film project, and presumably continuing his solo career.

That, however, is all the information that WEA had on the situation at present. An official statement should be released in the near future.

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Stage show profiles a tormented star . . .

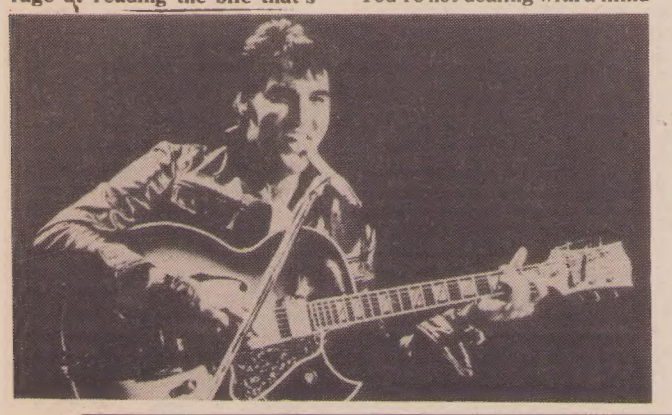
To El and back

A new stage play about Elvis Presley — based on writer Alan Beasdale's interpretation of the last night of the Cheeseburger King's life — entitled *Are You Lonesome Tonight?* has opened in London.

Beasdale says that as a fan who almost wept on the day he heard of Presley's death and who admitted to feeling real rage at reading the bile that's been written about him since his death, it was extremely hard to paint Presley as he was in his decline.

Taking into account that during the last months of Elvis' tragic life the singer digested lethal amounts of chemical cocktails, the playright had to construct a character not given to prolonged bouts of rational thinking.

This itself placed added pressure on actor Martin Shaw, who plays the lead role, who says, "You're not dealing with a mind that works sequentially, and, the way the script is written, it's very difficult to learn I requiring a great deal of mental agility."



Before writing the play, Beasdale spent 18 months watching every video, movie and TV appearance that Presley had ever done.

He says, "I tried to get a smell of the man from the man — not what's been written about him. What many people fail to notice is that Elvis had a wonderful sense of humour.

"On those early TV shows he was clearly sending himself up — the whole sex symbol thing — he treated it as a joke.

"You gotta realise that Elvis had only just been hauled out of his White Trash environment which, at the time, was socially just one step above that of the Negro. Anyway, having been introduced on one of the Ed Sullivan shows, Elvis walks on stage and right in front of millions of viewers, wipes his nose on the back of his sleeve".

The musical also questions Elvis' mental relationship with Jesse Garron, the still-born twin that Elvis spoke to as an imaginary companion (Mrs. Presley continued to put a plate at the dining table for her dead son, years after). Interestingly, the dead twin is a character investigated by Nick Cave's new record, "The First Born Is Dead".

Last week, it was Presleymania in Memphis again as more than 80,000 fans converged from around the world to mourn the eighth anniversary of his death on August 16.

A special prayer service was held, as well as an Elvis Presley Memorial karate tournament, an Elvis Memorial footrace, an Elvis Light show and a candelit vigil at his grave, attended by almost 12,000 people.

About 40,000 visited Gracelands during the day (about 550,000 visit Presley's home a year).

Presley's former band put a special concert while former associates told tales of his private life.

In the shop, visitors could buy items of everything from Presley coffee mugs and dolls to fingernail clippers and bedroom slippers.

— ROBIN SHELLEY

CELEBRITY CURIO. . . . . .

Bill Miller

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July 29

BIRTHPLACE
Melbourne

FAVOURITE ALBUMS
Ray Charles plays Country And Western
Who's *Next*
Beatles For Sale

FAVOURITE SINGLES
"Itchycoo Park" (Small Faces)
"She's A Woman" (Beatles)

FAVOURITE FILMS
Circus Of Horrors
Arthur

FAVOURITE BOOKS
Titus Groan

FAVOURITE TV SHOWS
World Of Sport
Hogan's Heroes
Rumpole Of The Bailey

LIKES
Everybody being nice to me on my birthday

DISLIKES
Being nice to everybody on their birthdays, John Annas's drum machine

When splinters grow

Spinoff groups from two of the world's biggest selling outfits, The Rolling Stones and Duran Duran, which started out as one-off projects will continue.

The Power Station originally came about when Duran Duran's John and Andy Taylor decided to cut a version of T-Rex's "Get It On" with a number of Chic personnel and smooth crooner Robert Palmer.

It grew into an LP; and even though they did not intend to tour, Power Station will later this week kick off American dates with OMD.

(There are also rumours Power Station will tour Australia, although no one will confirm).

The reaction to Power Station was positive: in his recent interview with *Juke*, Andy Taylor admitted that it was gratifying that critics who hated Duran Duran actually liked Power Station. Maybe it is this credibility that they are pursuing: in recent weeks, both Andy and John have signed separate management contracts, and have announced their intention to cut another LP with their new singer, Michael Des Barres.

Willie & The Poor Boys was put together by Rolling Stones bassist Bill Wyman with friends like Andy Fairweather-Low and Charlie Watts, among others.

They cut an LP of '40s and '50s R&B classics, with all proceeds going to the Multiple Sclerosis fund. One of the tracks "Babe Please Don't Go" is getting airplay across parts of Australia.

• BILL WYMAN

Now Wyman wants to cut a follow up LP — with Pete Townshend, Dave Gilmour of Pink Floyd, Steve Winwood and Paul Young.

The bassist reveals that he planned to cut another solo LP later in the year but it looked like he's be back on the road with the Rolling Stones. The new LP, originally set for release in July, now looks like it'll be out in September. Wyman says the band cut 20 tracks in Paris "and some of them are beauties".

The Stones plan to tour the USA shortly. "And after that, a logical step would be to tour Australia", he added — sadly giving fresh impetus to those hoary old Stones To Tour Oz rumours that have been circulating for more than ten years!

— STU COLEMAN.

Youth scheme moves to rock

The Commonwealth Youth Support Scheme's inner Brisbane centre wants to hear from young women with a flair for music.

The centre has been given a $10,000 Federal Government grant, and wants to go into the rock music business.

The centre wants to produce an EP, and are calling for young women (at least 15 in number) to write, perform and produce the record, and design its artwork.

A spokesperson for the centre said that the women chosen to become involved in the project would undertake songwriting workshops and an extensive course in record production at a Brisbane recording studio.

Said the spokesperson, "the women in the band will have to be reasonably competent as musicians. The record we produce will probably have a range of styles which will be determined by those involved."

The EP will be distributed through Queensland, NSW and Victoria.

Meantime, down South, in Melbourne, the Ashburton Alamein Youth Services (formerly the Alamein CYSS) are presenting a series of rock concerts for locals in the 15-19 age group.

The first of the shows was held earlier this month with Dirty Rats. The concerts will be held every three or four months, and profits made will be ploughed back to finance further concerts or similar activities for local youth.

For further info, ring Frank Bos on (03) 25-3413.

The return of folk music

NEWPORT, Rhode Island — Just as heavy metal music returned to the American musical fray last year, folk music is attempting to make a comeback this year.

More than two dozen folk performers came to this New England sea town on August 3-4 at the first Newport Folk Festival in 16 years. At Fort Adams State Park, acts such as Joan Baez, Judy Collins and Arlo Guthrie sang the old songs, sprinkled in some new ones and wondered whether folk music can still draw crowds the way it once did.

The festival mirrored a folk revival that has taken many forms. Other festivals have flourished in New York and Philadelphia, public radio has a hit program in "A Prairie Home Companion".

"Sing Out!', the folk bible of the 50s, is back from the brink of bankruptcy with a circulation that has climbed 25 per cent since 1982. Another magazine, "Fast Folk', offers hundreds of subscribers an album of songs by lesser known artists with each issue.

"It's there and it's strong, but it doesn't have the commerciality that it did before," said Roz Larman, co-host of the radio show *'Folk Scene'*, in Simi Valley, California "I don't think you could call it the kind of revival of the 1960s"

However, producer George Wein, who founded the Newport Jazz Festival in 1954 and started the folk festival five years later, is banking on just such a revival. Without a corporate sponsor, Wein personally bankrolled a $A209,640 budget for the concert.

"There's a tremendous nostalgia for folk music and I think it'll do well," Wein said in a telephone interview from Nice, France, where he was staging a jazz festival.

"It feels like old times having both the Newport folk and jazz festivals back again", said Wein, who revived the jazz fest in 1982 after a nine-year absence. "One of the greatest thrills in my entire life was the Newport Folk Festival."

And to help him relive that "greatest thrill" more than two dozen performers, including Baez, Collins, Guthrie, Doc and Merle Watson, Ramblin' Jack Elliot, Bill Morrissey, Bonnie Raitt, Sweet Honey in the Rock and Tom Paxton, sang their ballads of love, celebrations of America and songs of discontent. The Festival was a success.

Joan Baez, however remains cautious to predict a folk music revival.

"I don't think people should set their hopes up that they could repeat 1960," Baez said. "But there is still an audience in the world for real music, not amplified music, I guess.

• JOAN BAEZ

International Youth Year '85.

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BARBED WIRES

EDITED BY CHRISTIE ELIEZER

The eligible Mr James Reyne couldn't control himself any longer as the Australian Crawl/ Motels/Paul Kelly tour kicked off (see "On Stage" for review).

He sidled up to Martha Davis.

"Why don't we give all these other twits the slip and turn into a motel", he whispered.

Martha gave him an icy glare. "Idiot! I turned into one ages ago". (Pic: Tony Mott).

"No, I'm not making money now — which I think is the crux of the present dilemma. I' still too much acquainted with the whole aspect of poverty. I personally work 24 hours, every sngle day of the week — relentlessly — and the dividends in that area certainly don't pay off. The records are successful — but I'm tired of being broke."

Who said that? **Ian Meldrum? Evan Grove? Russell Hitchcock?**

Close — but no cigar!

It's actually yer old **Morrissey** of **Da Smiths,** currently embroiled in a tangle with Rough Trade Records, we told you about last ish. The label has publicly denied the band is about to leave, so expect some legal catfighting pretty soon.

And the good news? We know of one Oz promoter who's put in a bid for The Smiths to do a pub club tour later in the year.

• *Current rumours around the USA is that* **Dave Lee Roth's** *replacement in* **Van Halen** *could well be . . .* **Sammy Hagar.**

Speaking of Roth, he turned down a request from **Madonna** *to jump out of her birthday cake clad in nothing more than a g-string. Maybe he figured that with so many candles, he might get more than singed.*

• During a riotous **Jimmy Barnes/Swanee** show at the Bridgeway Hotel in Adelaide, Swan heard of some fans who'd travelled considerable miles but could not get in. He sneakily let them in through the back door — and turned around to see the show's promoter giving him looks that could kill!

• *How sad —* **Paul Weller** *has to fly around the world doing* **Style Council** *shows . . . yet he absolutely detests and fears flying.*

• **Pete Burns** might have all his dreams come true, what with **Dead Or Alive** now attaining Duranie/Ballet type hysteria status in Britain, but he's still a superstitious git. Last month, when a gypsy fortune teller told him not to do anything at all on July 7 Mr Superstitition promptly cancelled a show, at the huge London Hammersmith Odeon!

• **The Reels** *that will undertake the* ***Reels By Request*** *tour will definitely be the original lineup. At some time there was talk that* **Pel Mel's Graeme Dunne** *would dep on bass, but they've opted to use* **"Polly"** *on synth-bass.*

• **Stevie Wright** ex-**Easybeats** singer, faces court again next week (August 27) on heroin charges relating to last winter when he was discovered unconscious in a hotel toilet. The 37-year-old singer, charged under his real name of **Stephen Carlton Wrighton** is a rail timekeeper these days.

• *How to go broke in three easy lessons: mad heavy metal kids* **Venom** *are using a gold Rolls Royce as a tour bus during their British and European tours next month, and have promised they'll spend at least a thousand dollars a night on pyrotechnics alone. The band is on a 'World Possession Tour' which might or might not see them turning people deaf in Australia.*

• Top US record producer **Quincy Jones** has teamed with sedate stable film maker **Steven Spielberg** to make a movie based on the best selling book *Colour Purple.* It's written by an American medium called **Alice Walker,** and is about a couple of young black girls growing up in the racist Southern states of the USA in the '30s.

• *Melbourne's* **Fair Warning** *are going to jail next month. Before their respective families faint/reach for their lawyers/break out the champagne bottles to celebrate, it must be stressed that recently when they appeared at a heavy metal show (reviewed in these very pages, even) it was relayed to Pentridge inmates through Radio 3PBS. The yardbirds have since voted them the band they most would like to see perform at the Greystone Hilton.*

• Former **Heaven** bassist **Laurie Marlowe** has now plugged in with **Boss.** In the meantime, attempts by ex-members of Heaven to do a pub-/club tour have run into problems, as the name is reportedly owned by the band's singer **Allen Fryer,** who went to America and put a whole new lineup with that name. They'll now do it as **The Hellcats.**

• *Although zany Adelaide pub outfit* **Division 4** *are no more, singer* **Andrew Ward** *is continuing the band's concept in his new outfit* **Architect Sketch,** *which includes guitarist* **Mick Potter** *(ex-***These Elements),** *drummer* **Wayne Nietz** *(ex-***No Cause For Alarm),** *and bassist* **Mark Calligeros** *(ex-***Monbulk Jamm).** *The band, with an accent on fun, made its debut at the Tivoli after one rehearsal.*

• **Foreigner's Lou Gramm** has threated to quit the megaplatinum act if they continue to release an album a decade (or is it their songs which seem to go on and on for a decade?)

• *The estate of the late* **Steve McQueen** *is trying to stop the US release of the fab* **Prefab Sprout** *LP with the title* ***Steve McQueen.***

• **Adam Ant** has been hired to be a Dear Aunt Aggie (you know, one of those bespectacled, grey-haired dames who give you advice, whether you want it or not) on a new, trendy British TV show. No doubt, Adam's gone through enough agony and depression contemplating his current has-been status, to qualify for the post.

• *Those cynics who thought that* **Simon Le Bon** *would drown on his yachting adventures next year are doing a double take. Lo Botomy, his A$1.4 million yacht* ***Drum*** *and the 20-strong crew easily won the yacht race at the Isle of Wight.*

• **Sarah Vaughan is the latest legend to be honoured with a star on the Hollywood Walk Of Fame.**

• *The Ethiopian relief fund has stirred a lot of US celebs into also fighting American poverty (as* **Dylan** *pointed out on* ***Live Aid,*** *two million dollars could help the desperate farmers in the South with their bank mortgages). One such philanthropist is* **Rick Springfield** *who, on a current tour, has started a competition, in association with various radio stations. Springfield has donated $50,000 to the cause; five hundred radio listeners will have $100 donated in their name instead to the fund.*

• Although a couple of **Geisha** lads are known to be enthusiastic surfers, it seems they're more ardent golfers. Is it true that hotels booked on their upcoming NSW/Gold Coast round of dates are being chosen depending on their proximity to golf courses?

• *Melbourne's* **Carmen Suite** *currently in the studios recording its first single, with producer* **Phil Buxton** *at the helm.*

• Sydney power-poppers **The Keys'** new single, "Girl On The Wall" is launching a new, independent label called Atomic Records, which has been set up "to give smaller bands an avenue for their product".

• **Phil Oakey** *so in love with the theme of TV series* ***The Persuaders*** *that he wants to Human League to record it as a b-side for a single.*

• The tip is that ex-**Beatle George Harrison** will slip into Adelaide in November to attend the Grand Prix. Although organisers of the event are blinking innocently that they're not sure if he's coming or not, one Adelaide newspaper has sniffed out that the racing-mad guitarist had already booked hotel suites around that time.

• *Quote of the week: "It's bewildering to me that heavy metal music is still so strong and popular, as it is such redundant, stereotyped pathetic package of macho-posturing and ludicrous senseless lyrics" — folk balladeer* **Peter Garrett.**

• **Billy Joel,** who tried to commit suicide when he was 21, is donating all his royalties from his "You're Only Human" single to the American National Committee for Youth Suicide Prevention.

• **Mick Jagger** *and* **Jerri Hall** *looking for a Texan nanny for their kids — Jerri Longlegs wants her brats to retain a Texan accent.*

• **The Radiators** slipped back into Sydney last week after having a look around America and applying for work permits. It is expected they'll return there later in the year, as it takes 10 weeks for permission to come through. The Rads have also parted ways with EMI and are scouting a new deal.

• **Sting's** *next film sees him portray highwire artist* **Philipe Petie** *who captured a world record in 1974 by walking on a highwire strung between the twin towers of New York's World Trade Centre — 412 metres above sea level! Shooting starts after his world tour winds up in Australia in late summer.*

• **David Bowie** is working with film magnate **George Lucas.** No, no, he's not playing **Chewbacca The Wookie** in yet another *Star Wars* sequel, he's scribbling four toons for the next Lucas flick.

• **Trivial rubbish you can file away:** *the motorbike on the cover of* **Prefab Sprout's** ***Steve McQueen*** *elpee is the very same chopper that McQueen rode in* ***The Great Escape.*** *While he got all tangled up in the barbed wire and frog-marched back to prisoner camp, the bike obviously managed to escape to England, and safety.*

• **Devo** have cancelled a visit to Britain — their first trip there in three years. Seems they were going to go there to promote their next LP but since the said LP hasn't come off the conveyor belt as such, there was no need to bother, right?

• *Shrimp-sized* **Nik Kershaw** *has been asked to perform in Russia — one of the few Western superstars to do so. The four concerts — two in Moscow, the other two in Leningrad — have already sold out, and Kershaw intends to follow that bout of I-See-Reds, I See Reds with shows in Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia.*

• RIP American jazz blues singer **Mona Richardson** (who used to sing with **Ike'n'Tina** and **Ray Charles** before basing herself in Melbourne in early 1980) who died after a fall from a block of apartments.

• *Victorian super-yobs* **Weekend Rockstars** *are back in the fray — but only* **Billy Rockstar** *is there at the rudder. Seems the other bumpkins didn't want to settle in the city, so Billy's currently in the big smoke putting another band together. A number of musicians who helped out on the forthcoming single "Blast From The Past" — including pianist* **Bruce Haynes,** *bassist* **Colin Swan,** *and the Numatics' drummer* **Chuck Sheldon** *and keyboardsplayer* **Les Price** *and some of these might end up playing with them.*

The Weekend Rockstars first struck dirt in Victoria when radio started to play their "We Can't Play Smoke On The Water". However, Billy says they never got to meet **Deep Purple** *when the ageing metal yowlers toured here last year, saying "they didn't get to meet us, why they haven't even tried to sue us!" Now why didn't someone pull together a meeting, with a surefire publicity gimmick like that?*

• **Frankie Goes To Hollywood,** who've just finished off a successful tour of Japan, proved themselves too smart to get caught up in being cultural ambassadors for the South African government. Promoters for the Sun City complex which pays exorbitant fees for superstars tried to lure Frankie with the assurance that a special Band Aid style famine relief appeal was to be launched in conjunction with their appearance.

But a spokesperson for Frankie told the British press, "the only reason for giving the offer a second look was because it seemed to be tied up with a famine relief appeal in Africa. Obviously we would want to help something like that.

"But when you dug into the small print, it wasn't worth a second look. There is no way we would play there with the political climate that exists in South Africa."

• **Hoodoo Gurus** *are storming the charts with their new* ***Mars Needs Guitar*** *LP. It debuted at No. 1 in Queensland, No. 2 in WA and nationally, No. 5. Such is the interest that their previous LP* ***Stoneage Romeos*** *has re-entered the national charts at No. 67 with a bullet.*

• Know that American express card ad which says "don't go out without it?" What about a new one which says "stay at home". US guitar hero **Billy Squier** certainly wishes he'd followed that advice. He decided to go for a leisurely drive through Nepal, Thailand, India and Sri Lanka. On the drive from Katmandu to India he encountered a local strike with crazy-eyed crowds fighting armed policepersons. A sleepless night on the porch of an agricultural station with gunfire in the distance was followed by an escape to the border as things became distinctly ugly, security-wise.

Squier thought his problems ended when he arrived in Sri Lanka, to taste its blue waters, white sands and gentle palms. How wrong can yer be! The whole place is in the midst of a civil war, the Tamil freedom fighters demanding their own state accused Squier (looking hardly inconspicious as the only white face for miles around) as some kind of CIA agent, leading Mr Photogenic to pack his bags and high-tail it out of there.

Incidentally, a successful benefit concert at the Melbourne Town Hall for the Tamil refugees in Sri Lanka which starred all number of ethnic dance/song troupes, also included solo sets from **Goanna's Shane Howard** and **Man Friday's** percussionist **Ray Pereira.**

• **Jonathan Richman** *back to Oz for select club dates through October.*

WIN THE NEW MODELS ALBUM!

Everyone's talking about it. Not everyone's playing it yet, but give it a few days. Once on your turntable, the new Models album, ***Out Of Mind, Out Of Sight*** *will stick like glue.*

The new album features "Big On Love" and "Barbados" (with Kate Ceberano's delicious vocals in the backing), as well as "Ringing Like A Bell", "Stormy Tonight", "These Blues", "King Of Kings", "Seeing is Believing" and the title track, amongst others.

One of the more interesting aspects of the album is the emergence of James Freud as a songwriter. Freud wrote six of the songs on the set, and also shares lead vocals with Sean Kelly.

As James says, "I was really nervous before the album because of singing so much, and the fact that Models have had such an established vocal sound and Sean having always been the singer.

"Personally for me it was a big test. I hadn't written a song of my own that I was happy with for three years and I was going out of my mind — and then I just started writing again."

This week, with the compliments of Mushroom Records we have 12 copies of ***Out Of Mind, Out of Sight*** *to give away.*

To win one, we'd like you to write and tell us the name of the first album Models released.

Write your answer on the back of an envelope, along with your name and address, and send it to:

Models Competition,
Juke — The Music Magazine,
Box 628E,
MELBOURNE, Vic. 3001

MOTELS SEEK TOTAL CONTROL

Jim Schembri engages in phoneplay with Martha Davis

Anyone who knows everything about The Motels should recognise the name of Val Garay. For those who don't, Garay produced, recorded, and managed The Motels last two highly successful albums, *All For One* in 1982, and *Little Robbers* in 1983. On the latter, Garay was reverently referred to as 'The Boss'.

Now, anyone who does themselves the Big Molly Meldrum (favor, that is) and picks up the latest Motels album, *Shock*, should also notice that Val Garay's name is conspicuously absent from view.

Why? Simple; he was sacked.

But what reasons could a successful international class act like The Motels present for getting rid of the producer/manager who has played such an important part in the band's growing popularity?

Martha Davis, lead vocalist and songwriter for the band (as if you didn't know) has an impressive list of reasons why Garay had to leave.

Speaking by phone from Brisbane, Davis explains that giving Garay his marching orders was something of a turning point for the band. They felt it was time to make a clean break and take total control (no pun intended) of their own career.

She adds that it was one of the reasons for the two year gap between *Little Robbers* and the release of *Shock*.

"We came back from our *Little Robbers* tour which was more of a fiasco tour; everything was going wrong. There were problems in the band as well and it was because the 'Val Garay factor' wasn't really working out," she says.

The 'Val Garay factor', in fact, reads like the symptoms of a severe case of *producers dominariis*. They included: making decisions on a 'King Solomon-like' basis; hiring session musicians without consulting the band; wanting to take charge of everything at live gigs; having his own ideas about the band's future; and running the band *deep* into debt. The Motels decided that enough was enough.

"We were losing about $50,000 a week on our last tour, partly because Val's feeling of the band was that we were going to be massive, and that we should act like it," Davis says.

"We had this big set that we had to carry around and we had semis all over the place. It just cost a fortune. I took a break to go to hospital and by the time I got out it was the middle of winter, we had lost the momentum of the tour and we had to carry this huge set around; it was just a fiasco and we had to cut it (the tour) short. It was a mess."

Unity

In the tradition of previous Motel managers, Garay also wanted more of 'Martha' and less of 'The Motels'. That didn't sit too well with Davis or the other members of the band. Davis accepts the responsibilities as the band's front person by doing most of the press interviews and figuring prominently in publicity shots, but she flatly refuses to let anyone jeopordise the unity of the group she spent two and a half years assembling.

"Often (managers I've worked with) have tried to isolate me from the band so it would become more 'Martha Davis and those other guys who don't really count'. That's just not the case; if I wanted a solo career I would go out and get one, but I don't; I want the band. When it comes down to the bottom line, The Motels really is a band and it is the way it should be approached. When people start trying to interrupt that, things don't last very long."

But Davis is quick to shoulder most of the blame for the band's unhappiness with Garay. She points out that he was merely doing the job he thought he was supposed to. The band, she explains, was apparently blinded to the dangers of a dominant producer by Garay's impressive credentials (including producer on Kim Carnes' monster hit 'Bette Davis Eyes') and the fact that they had just received their first gold album when he took on managing the band.

"Some of the things Val did were brilliant, and he was simply acting the way he thought things should be done. But if you are not following every detail (of the band's management and production) you don't know the downside of it as well. And I have no one to blame but myself. We should have been watching out a lot more closely."

A much more comfortable arrangement replaces Garay, one which allows the band to exercise more autonomy. New producer Richie Zito is described by Davis as "the seventh Motel" because of his music background and his empathy with the band's point of view; Steve Vando is the tour manager, "a very aggressive guy, you don't mess with him", according to Davis; and, perhaps most importantly, the band's management is now shared between Dan Fritz (Garay's former secretary) and The Motels.

"It's a healthier situation and the band is very proud to be done with this album. We all think we did a good job on it and we want to keep control of it. We don't want things to get out of hand again.

"The band has worked very hard for a long period of time and until this year we were badly in debt because of things that had happened and because of managers taking huge sums of money.

"I don't like to make moves unless I really *know* what I am doing which is probably why it took me this long (to change the band's management). At this point, I now feel strongly that I *know* and I deal with everyone at the record company (Capitol). I have no problems there. I feel very confident that I can handle it, I have explicit trust in these guys and any real decision-making goes before the whole band. We take a democratic vote on things and so far we have managed to keep money in our pockets."

Songwriting

On 'Shock' Davis again shares some of the song-writing with the other band members, which she says is part of a process of bringing them into the fore. She says she works for the day when credit for songs on a Motels album will simply be to 'The Motels'.

The other members of the band, however, (Marty Jourard, keyboards, sax: Michael Goodroe, bass; Brian Glascock, drums, percussion; Guy Perry, guitar; and Scott Thurston, keyboards, guitar, horns) were apparently a little reluctant to tread on what they considered her territory. Davis nonetheless managed to 'pry out' some musical contribution from each, though, again, she handled most of the lyrics.

But, whether Martha Davis likes it or not, her extraordinary talent for composing songs (which draw on influences as varied as blues, jazz and reggae) identifies her as the figurehead for the Motels, and distinguishes her from most other females on the pop music scene today (with the notable exception of Joan Armatrading).

For whereas most big female artists (Madonna, Cyndi Lauper, Annie Lennox do as three obvious examples) seem preoccupied with the theatricals of their material (and personas), Martha Davis' compositions, varied as they may be in musical style and lyrical structure, maintain an emotional, often sexual, mystique.

One might also call them moving.

Davis fuses lyrics with music into an almost seamless expression of mood and atmosphere. And, as is evident again on *Shock*, the music usually create an environ for the lyrics, and Davis' mellifluous middle-register (which a slight inflection can shift from the coy to the seductive, the innocent to the erotic) to exist.

"A lot of the times I use the lyric for exactly that. Often, when I write lyrics, I don't think about the meaning of them at all; I write for the sound of the words and the way they can be more like another instrument or another musical texture.

"I guess a good example is "Total Control'. It is not really what the words mean so much as the way they sound together. It is like when you read great 'stream of consciousness' writers like James Joyce or Virginia Wolf; the words become music and it is the way they sound together than counts.

"What is funny is that with the really emotional songs I am not very aware of the meaning of the words, although, somehow, they always end up having a meaning. I dissect them sometimes and think 'what does that mean', but when you put them all together (with the music) it all seems to mean something emotionally."

Although Davis' song writing technique is quite prosaic, using piles of notebooks and a walkman to quickly record ideas, tunes and catchphrases, she has trouble elaborating her songwriting process much further.

Gift

"I don't know, it is a gift from the gods. I just flow with it, I don't question it; it keeps coming and I am happy.

"The best songs I have ever written are just ones that have flowed, they have just come out. There is not a lot of force involved, it is nothing like twisting their little arms to make them happen. They are basically a very spontaneous thing. If I can get that down and capture it, then I can usually convince the guys that I've got a good song in my head."

Similarly, Davis can't be drawn into much of a discussion on the emotional themes in many of her songs. She acknowledges that the notion of emotional vulnerability and the perils therein, which span all the albums, comes to something to a head on 'Shock' with songs such as the title track (sure to be a hit single after 'Shame'), 'My Love Stops Here' and 'Cries and Whispers, dealing with rebellion against emotional manipulation. But again, she attributes it to a natural emotional release rather than any deliberate exploration of an idea.

"It is a strange thing. Everybody seems to talk about this 'forlorn' kind of content and some people take me as sort of suicidal, although I am really not that way in life. But there *is* that side of me, I guess, probably because I hold a lot of emotions in, and this is where they get a chance to come out.

"The other thing is that in the English language you have a lot more adjectives to describe those emotions. If you are having a good day you just go out and say 'God, what a great day', you don't usually sit and brood and write about a happy emotion, you go out and enjoy it.

"But if it's a dark, desperate, wet, damp, seedy evening, there are all these other words for it. Though I have written some happy songs, much to some people's shock and amazement."

The Motels will perform with Australian Crawl this Thursday at the Sports and Entertainment centre. Tickets are available (unless sold out, which is likely) through Bass.

The Motels will also be performing with the Crawl at the Venue on Friday and Saturday.

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THE ETERNAL RETURN OF REM

Among the litter of tins and towels on the table in R.E.M.'s dressing room backstage at Tiffany's in Newcastle are a little Walkman and two of the tiniest speakers you've ever seen.

Stacked in front is a pile of cassettes. Could you resist taking a peek?

Let's see . . . there's *'Swordfishtrombones*, a David Thomas tape, *Astral Weeks* Peter Buck's current faves Mojo Nixon, Georgia gospel outfit The Fantastic Violinaires . . . and what's this? Bob Dylan and The Hawks, live at the Albert Hall?

That figures. Every time I listen to R.E.M. lately — which is a lot of the time — something reminds me of Bob Dylan and The Band, or rather, The Band with Bob Dylan. Can you hear it?

Some people don't even bother listening. They just hear Buck's arpeggiated Rickenbacker sound, the way he picks chords rather than strums them much of the time, and settle for the obvious Byrds comparison. Admittedly, the intro to 'S. Central Rain (I'm Sorry)' does conjure up unavoidable memories of 'Mr Tambourine Man', but their repertoire of covers features everyone from The Velvet Underground to Buddy Holly; tonight, they did a gently rolling version of 'Rave On' before storming through Television's 'See No Evil'. Earlier, they'd done a short country number that sounded a lot like Roger Miller's 'King Of The Road'.

Eclectic enough for you?

★ ★ ★

If it is not abundantly clear to you that the four most important groups to have emerged in America in the past few years are The Meat Puppets, The Replacements, Husker Du and R.E.M., then, again, you simply haven't been bothered to listen.

Not, mind you, that they sound particularly similar. What they have in common is that of all the New American Rock Bands, there is nothing purely revivalist or formalist about these four: they each possess an independent spark of originality which can't be located in the grid-lines of a map of influences, as with, say, The Long Ryders or Jason & The Scorchers.

And if only because of their high profile and substantial sales, R.E.M. are the most important of the lot. And they've earned that position: at a time when MTV was ruler of the waves and band-breakers, R.E.M. sailed round the south doing an endless chain of gigs. Peter Buck estimates to date a total of approximately 500 gigs; to Michael Stipe, who likes arriving but hates getting there, it seems more like six million.

"I honestly don't think that MTV does anything at all," says Buck. "It's no marketing tool at all, except in the case of someone who would be marketed that way anyway, only in magazines as opposed to TV. They sell images, and we're not a band that takes to the selling of images.

"Also, frankly, I don't give a shit about videos, I like playing."

In Newcastle, they play to three or four hundred fiercely partisan fans; better the few who care than the many who couldn't care less, I guess. R.E.M. play well; they're tight, and the audience is tight with them. There are several anthemic moments in the set — 'Sitting Still', 'Catapult', (Don't Go Back To) Rockville' and, of course, 'Talk About The Passion' — and they're greeted rapturously, euphorically.

Some bands — no names, no pack drill attempt to cement their appeal with extra-musical mortar of some form, usually stylistic or ideological. They throw up barriers, over which their fellow-travellers or dedicated followers must jump in order to approach the band, a dress code, a political dogma, or whatever. Once over this hurdle, the fan can then use the band as one of their own defining characteristics.

The odd thing about shared R.E.M. fandom is that nobody's quite sure why they like them, other than their music. The group's general style is Oxfam tatty, anything that comes to hand; and singer/frontman Michael Stipe has a charisma based on negation rather than assertion; tending towards the painfully shy, he changes his appearance constantly, as if afraid of being cast in just one mould, or petrified in one pose.

At the time of *Murmur*, their first (and almost perfect) album, he had respectable short hair; by *Reckoning*, it had grown into a Byronic mane; now, with the release of *Fables Of The Reconstruction/Reconstruction Of The Fables*, he's had a very severe crop, from which his hair is just recovering.

His evasiveness of appearance mirrors the band's songs. Not just his lyrics, justly famed for their oblique, enigmatic nature, or his delivery — part whine, part mumble — but the actual melodies and textures. They are essentially elusive, and there is also something of the eternal about them. These songs, it seems, have always been there. They could never not have existed.

That's part of what I mean when I say R.E.M. remind me of The Band with Bob Dylan: the lyrics allow — demand — a certain interpretive input on the part of the listener, as did Dylan's classic work *('Bringing It All Back Home'/'Highway 61 Revisited'/'Blonde on Blonde')*, and there's a similar timelessness in much of The Band and Dylan's music.

Besides this, R.E.M.'s music is suffused with atmospheres of nostalgia and regret for something lost, for forgotten or discarded values — a staple of The Band's repertoire, especially their landmark second album. Stipe admits that the prevalence of train imagery of his lyrics represents "a romanticism . . . that is somehow associated with that mythological America that never really existed except in people's minds."

Input

Be that as it may, both Buck and Stipe derive a major part of their musical input from their native Georgia (originally a kind of repository of criminals and castaways, like Australia, claims Stipe: "a state settled by hooligans"), and especially hometown Athens.

Both the earlier rock era of The B-52s, Method Actors, Pylon etc ("their influence on us was strong, both negative and positive"), and more out-of-the-way, traditional forms of music have had their effect on the group.

"Peter goes to all the big outdoor tent black gospel shows near us," says Michael. "450 50-year-old black people, and Peter and three friends of his. And they always point out, y'-know, 'the brothers who are not of our race'!"

"I'm an atheist now," explains Peter, "but I'd probably be a Christian if I was black, because the music is so exciting I would never have got past that. It's full of exactly what you want from rock n' roll: the passion, the involvement, the excitement. I see these bands, these guys with the big diamond rings, being real sexy on stage even though they're talking about God and stuff, and I know it might be kinda sacrilegious, but I can't help thinking: these guys get some on the side! They're *not* real straight born-agains.

"That's part of what religion, for that part of the culture, is for: it's a reconciliation of a tough world with something that's better — which is heaven, but it's also things on earth, too. A lot of those preachers are fairly notorious for their improprieties . . ."

Originally weaned on The Velvet Underground, Iggy and that ilk, Peter came to broaden his tastes somewhat. "As I got older, I realised it didn't have to have a heavy guitar to be cool. "A stint working in a record shop (where he first met Michael) provided him with an encyclopaedic knowledge of rock 'n' roll, and recently he's been searching even further afield for musical fixes.

"Over the last few years I started listening to things through seeing bands, as opposed to learning about them. I've got a lot of excitement, or been interested in the music, in a way which is not intellectual. When it comes to traditional stuff, it's all, like, local people: old hippies that play bluegrass, a group called the Normal Town Flyers, who play a sort of gut-bucket country music, these young black guys in my neighbourhood who play gospel, the New Grove Baptist Church . . . I don't know about the history of it or anything, I just know what I like."

Michael's something of a living embodiment of melting-pot America: though all his family live in Georgia, his bloodline encompasses American Indian, Scottish, Irish and a dash of Yugoslav. The name Stipe is apparently German, so it seems likely there's some of that in him too.

"I think I'm probably searching for some kind of background that is there, but it still kind of buried," he admits when asked about the air of heritage in their songs. "That's typical of the last century, especially in America. There's no sense of ancestry there — for a good reason: they wiped out all the Indians. No one wants to remember that.

"If you're not, like, second or third generation Swedish, you really don't have much idea where you come from; unlike Europe, there's no long-standing tradition or heritage. That's something really lacking in American culture.

"I think a lot of people have built up this mythological America, and are sapping off that, trying to pull something out of that to make up for the gap in their lives. You don't really know what your grandparents did, or your great-grandparents."

Michael dropped out of modern music in 1982, when there was nothing really new or exciting happening, and started to explore more traditional backwaters.

His interest in photography has obviously influenced his lyric writing immensely. Some of his songs are like investigated images, non-narrative descriptions conjuring up emotional states, but as he says, "I also have slow motion and stop action and black and white and colour. I always see it before I hear it."

He's had several exhibitions of photos recently, at the University of Georgia, one of which juxtaposed images of junk food and "road death", squashed animals. Not surprisingly, a lot of people found it distasteful.

"We had an opening night reception," he relates, "and we had all these apples, but nowhere to put them. So we just hung them from the ceiling. People thought it was part of the exhibition. A few people took bites out of them, and the apples started rotting."

Deep religious significance was not intended, but was taken anyway.

Stands

The acronym R.E.M., of course, stands for Rapid Eye Movement, the means by which unconscious brain activity is measured during sleep.

It fits the band well, especially Michael's words. His songs — what phrases are allowed to surface in a given song — proceed by slight suggestions, hints and murmurs, rather than by declamatory direct address. The listener is expected to complete the picture by him/herself. Some people find this task intensely annoying.

"The first single we ever recorded ('Radio Free Europe'), I purposely did not want any of the lyrics understood," Michael says. "The main reason for that was that I hadn't written any of the words yet. So I just kind of blabbered over the whole single.

"I've never purposely tried to make any song indecipherable, or slur the words. I've been accused of that. I just sing a song the way I think it should be sung. Something like 'S. Central Rain', to me, is so clear. I couldn't use better diction and been able to sing the song.

"Put that next to '9-9', a song about talking, about conversation and fear of conversation — it's not supposed to be understood: the only thing you can really pick up on in that song is 'conversation fear'."

Even within the group, interpretations of particular songs sometimes vary.

"Peter always tells this story about how 'Perfect Circle' was inspired by a bunch of young boys playing baseball," says Michael. "To me, it was about my ex-girlfriend. A lot of times, they won't see the words till we record the song; a lot of times, they won't want to."

Maybe they're following legends? Maybe they're following roots? Andy Gill delves into the rock'nroll heritage of REM, and comes up with a few hits and myths.

"We're just like anyone else," says Peter. "We try and interpret them personally. But we actually know Michael, so barring maybe three songs over our recording career, I know what they're about, because I know the girl or the person, or the time and the place.

"But I think one would get the emotion anyway, whether or not one knew the particular circumstances. He writes in a pretty oblique manner, and that's OK. You can't quote me any of the words from *Exile On Main Street*. I can't, and I've been listening to that record for 13 years now.

★ ★ ★

There are two basic types of bands involved in this beast we call rock 'n' roll: song bands, whose style changes to suit the specific song, and sound bands, whose every song is instantly recognisable as the band in question, whose sound defines the band and determines the shape of its songs.

There are also a few fortunate groups who somehow straddle the two categories, who remain recognisably themselves even when playing in a different style. The Beatles were one such, and The Band another. So too, I think, are R.E.M.

Their new album, though recognisably R.E.M., contains several breaks with what might be considered their style. The opening track 'Feeling Gravity's Pull", with its echoes of Tom Verlaine and Television, is structurally dissimilar to anything they've done before, and features strange string-section tinting in its colouration. Ditto the clipped funk guitar and horn punctuation on the new single 'Can't Get There From Here'. What, I wondered, did they view as the essential element of their sound, if any?

"If there is one essential element, it's probably the vocals," says Peter, "because Michael's got a really distinctive voice. We're kind of known as a guitar band, but to me the thing that's interesting is the way the rhythm section works: the drums and bass are locked in, kinda like Motown, but the bass is doing this really melodic stuff against what I'm doing.

"But there's no one thing. I think we could go in the studio and — having the given that Michael's going to sing — I'd like to make the next record with acoustic guitars and harpsichords and cellos and oboes, a real baroque record. We could make an R.E.M. record like that. We could make a real Sonic Youth-type R.E.M. record. There's no one thing.

"I think the thing we feel is best about us is the songs. I'm a shitty guitarist, I think; I'm more a songwriter than a musician."

For a burgeoning guitar hero, this strikes me as rather absurd modesty, but we'll let that pass . . .

"I maintain, from a lead vocalist point of view," says Michael, "that the background vocals really carry this band. Mike (Mills, melodic bassist) and Bill (Berry, heartbeat) both have this amazing harmonic idea about vocals. A lot of the time, I think the lead vocals take the place of the drums, and the drums are there providing some sort of rhythm along with the vocal, and Mike is providing melody with the bass, and Peter is doing this rhythm thing on top . . ."

Certainly, the role Mike Mills plays in the group is crucial. Like Rick Danko in The Band (again!), he takes much of the melody chores off Peter Buck's back, allowing the guitarist space to pick instead of simply strum, yet still keeps the beat pinned down.

"It's more of a lead instrument," concurs Peter. "it's really melodic and in and out of the beat. I play the beat more than he does. He plays against the beat, he does melodies, harmonies . . . the guitar goes more with the bass drum that the bass does, which is completely the opposite of what you should do in rock 'n' roll."

Why call the new album 'Fables Of The Reconstruction'?

"Ah, you see, no one's picked up on that," says Michael. "I maintain that the name of the record is *'Reconstruction Of The Fables'*, because everybody has decided it's *'Fables Of The Reconstruction'* and that really bothers me.

"The cyclical title, to me, really defined the whole entity that the band was taking on at that time. It seemed to make a lot of sense to me at the time. I guess it still does . . .

" *'Fables'* brings up the whole thing about storytelling, and that kinda ties in with lost heritage, the tradition of a story being passed on from generation to generation. A lot of people have picked up on the Reconstruction Politics thing, after the Civil Wars — especially since we're supposed to be 'a southern band' — and that was not unintentional. The whole Reconstruction Politics thing was a pack of shit, and it's kinda like politics today, so in a way that's a valid interpretation.

"For me, though, I was thinking much more in the way of reconstruction of something, tearing it apart and putting it together."

FRANKIE GOES TO JAPAN

Osuko Kokusi in Tokyo welcomes Mark O'Toole aboard the Orient Express with a cup of sake.

The convoy screams through Tokyo's back streets. The cheering at the Budokan has not even died yet, but Frankie Goes To Hollywood are halfway back to the Century Hyatt Hotel where an inevitable party will spontaneously start in one of their large suites.

The manoeuvre has been excecuted with strict military precision offstage, straight into limos with chauffeurs who confer with walkie talkies, and off into the neon night. But even the speedy precision has not deterred about 20 taxiloads of fans who give chase, screaming out of windows, cursing red lights which cost them precious glimpses of their new found heroes.

Until now, Japan hasn't really taken much notice of Frankie Goes To Hollywood. Certainly while Britain, Australia and most of Europe have fallen right from the start, awed by their Machiavelian mixture of hype, image and thunderous records like "Relax" and "Two Tribes", the Japanese fans have tended to keep their distance.

Until they're confronted in person, when two concerts — one in Tokyo, the other in Osaka — and a TV appearance with a 60 million viewing audience virtually overnight changes their fortunes.

The morning after the first show, there's a rush for Frankie records in the stores. The Budokan, built in 1964 for the Olympics (it means "house of martial arts") is a vast place with a huge, domed ceiling. Tonight, every one of the 12,000 seats has been filled; the roar that greets the band as it hits the stage and swings into "War" and "Wish You Were Here" is almost deafening.

Onstage, Frankie develop and expand on the inherent dynamics of the records. Even though t hey're somewhat surprised by the way Japanese fans applaud and get hysterical but don't rush the stage like they do in America or England, they give it every effort. After "Power Of Love", Holly Johnson goes off for a costume change, before returning and demanding "more dancing, please — let's make love".

That is, of course, the cue to "Relax", and then "Two Tribes". For the encore, they return wearing wigs and do another rendition of "Relax". The show is as spectacular as it is kitsch, and the local audiences lap it up. This is brash, bold and very much Western pop as defined by Nippon TV.

"The question I'm always asked is if I miss my mates when I go touring", says Mark O'Toole, digging lethargically at a late breakfast of ham and eggs the next morning. "What people don't realise is that when this band goes on tour, I am with my two best mates — Ped and Gnasher.

"We argue, we rankle, we give each other the shits at times. But I've known them for so long now that I know that it's the friendship that will keep the band going as long as it does."

O'Toole is, of course, extremely hung-over. He'd been ligging at the Lexington Queen nightclub until four in the morning, and feeling the effects.

O'Toole is 21, plays bass, comes from Liverpool and is just One Of The Boys. (His brother Jed plays extra guitar with the band on tour.) Despite the early publicity of the band which painted the three members of the band as dimwit scallywags (no doubt to accentuate the hip mystique of Paul Rutherford and Holly) he remembers doing quite well at school.

In 1978, he was prefect and named Sportsman of the Year at St Matthews Secondary School; he also played football for Liverpool until he was 16, when a broken ankle at a match changed any career plans along those lines.

So what's an affable, Scouse roughneck doing being screamed at by Japanese nubiles, pushed as one of the new sex heroes of the '80s pop?

O'Toole's still not quite sure, but he's still making sure he's having a ball. In between interviews and TV appearances, there is endless shopping and sightseeing, trying to pull birds at nightclubs and trying lots of sake, the traditional Japanese rice wine, served by white-face geisha girls. A society that stresses discipline and politeness probably rattles him.

"Right from the word 'go', we were determined to become a top band. My own ego forces me to go for the top; if I was playing in a football team, I'd want to be the best football player in the best football team in the world.

"But success came in such a funny way, you know? When the band was just starting out, we'd nick over to Holly's upstairs flat and sunbathe on the roof, and we'd write on the tiles 'we'll be famous one day'. But when 'Relax' went to No. 1, the record company threw this big f-ing party for us, and we couldn't even go to it — because we were working so bloody hard!

"I remember thinking them, 'I hope it's not like this all the time' and of course it is, but you know you're part of a team, and you've got to hold your end up, y'know."

In a lot of ways, Frankie's early image came about through an arty/sexploitive promo for "Relax" — with an edited orgy finale, which were more Paul Rutherford's Fellini obsessions than a statement of what the band was about.

Certainly O'Toole, Ped (Peter Gill) and Gnasher (Brian Nash) were far from impressed with the story line in the video. They'd not been consulted about it, it was not an issue that was close to their hearts, and in the video, Ped even has his hand over his face in humiliation.

It was unfortunate for the band that their very first major interview, with the *New Musical Express* had been conducted in a gay bar, with Holly and Paul, who spoke frankly about their sexual preferences. Very little was mentioned of the other three. Overnight, Frankie Goes To Hollywood got stuck with a gay image; they've been fighting it ever since, but even now, every interview they do in Japan (and of course it's equally as obvious, in any other country) inevitably asks them about AIDS.

Although Frankie's manipulator and image makers did play up the Two Gays And Three Liverpool Scalliwags in those days, there's no such division within the ranks. A lot of gay/straight banter does make the rounds but always within the strong bounds of the outfit.

"I was a bit upset about the band's image at first, all me mates were wondering if the three of us were really poofs or not. If was a bit hard, what with the family and all, because I live at home with me mum and dad, three brothers, two sisters and a nephew, and we are all dead close. I remember when we used to go to Wales for our holidays, and Nasher's whole family would come as well, so we'd run around as a huge clan.

"What was also annoying about that early division was that the rock press used to see Holly and Paul as the arty valid types, and we were the dickheads. But as I used to point out, me, Gnash and Ped have all got trades — carpenter, electrician and the like. It's Holly and Paul who're the layabouts."

Is there ever a time when touring gets too unbearable?

"It's the little things, you know. On this tour, Holly's got a sore throat, but he obviously can't cancel the tour so he's got to get out of there and work hard, drinks lot of honey with his tea. I love working on plastic models but I never get the time. It's trivial, really but it's not when it was something that relaxed you.

"The fans get so excited, they follow you everywhere, they even try to talk to you when the cars stop at the red lights. That's okay, you know, but it sometimes gets silly. The fans here have been quite well behaved actually but in Glasgow a bird came at me with a pair of scissors, obviously trying to cut a bit of me hair off and the blade ended going into a security guy's shoulder by accident. It's a bit silly when it gets to that level."

But there's fun as well: right after this, Mark will take me up to his room to proudly show off the new vdeo cameras he's bought, and then contemplates whether to accompany Paul on a visit to flash designer, Yamamoto's. In the end, he changes his mind and goes off to an entertainment arcade with Ped to try his hand at the space machines.

PARTY TRICKS

Steve Phillips plays spin the bottle with Nancy Kiel of PARTY GIRLS

You can't help liking Nancy Kiel. She's so brash, so loud, so American. I'm not sure what I like better: the damn-the-torpedoes attitude, or the fact she loves a gossip ("don't you dare print this, but let me tell ya . . ."), loves heavy rock but gushes over Joni Mitchell as a lyricist, and thinks the best thing about the Party Girls is the fact they're such close friends they even spend their days off together.

Why, when a band member slipped into the room to tell her the just-arrived news that their debut single "Isolation", after five days in the shop, had been EMI's biggest selling single for the week, she takes it in her stride.

"EEEOOOWWWWW!" she bellows, almost shattering the windows. "Excuse me," she tries to compose herself and fails "BUT I'M JUST SO THRILLED".

File patient under "uncool but likeable".

The last time *Juke* spoke to Party Girls was about a year ago. They'd built up a sizeable following along the East Coast with a blend of tough musicianship and infectious cheekiness and had made a demo tape which had a lot of critics oohing and aaahing at the expertise oozing from within the low budget rawness.

We both expected Party Girls to score a record deal by the end of the year.

As it is, nothing was signed until a month or two ago. Nancy still isn't sure why the labels kept their distance but she shrugs and assumes the Party Girls are not easily classified, and hence not a marketable act.

Disappointed they might have been, but outsiders could never tell: they kept on giving energetic shows around the traps, never losing faith that one day their time would come.

"Our forte is as a live band anyway. The stage show's always been visual. That's one of the faults of too many Australian bands, they're so boring on stage. We kept working on the show, polishing it up even though we've always been a tight band. We deliberated for a long time over what to put out as a first single — we didn't want to put out an extremely catchy song and then spend the rest of our careers trying to live it down."

Things have moved somewhat quickly for the band over the last few months. They inked with Sydney's independent Possum Record, which is distributed by EMI. Then they ran into flak when they became the only unrecorded band to be placed on the bill of the *Oz For Africa* show.

The fact that one of the show's talent coordinators was also the band's manager could not go unnoticed . . .

"Yeah, we got flak", Kiel slams the gear into self defence. "All I can say is 'f-k you'. Since when have you got to be a big band to want to play a benefit? Yeah, we were concerned, we were touched by what was going on in Africa, we offered our services. We even read somewhere that we bumped Goanna off to get on . . ."

I didn't think it was quite the right time to tap her on her shoulder and remind her it was *Juke* who pointed the accusing finger.

". . . which I think was crap. So, yeah there was a bit of backlash, but you don't worry about things like that. If you think what you did was right, then okay."

Aside from bringing them to the notice of a larger audience in Australia, that would not have known of their existence, the Party Girls also aroused the interest of various networks in Canada, USA and Japan.

"The Japanese are really interested actually, and I can see why — I don't think they've ever been confronted with a group of white-skinned Amazons playing hot rock (laughs at the description). They're very keen to get us signed up, and for us to tour there, so who knows, maybe we'll end up breaking in Japan first? That's okay, it's not the first time a rock act has found success outside its own country.

"But I tell ya, we'll survive, but it's still very frustrating. You get major labels in Australia that won't take the punt to sign you up, yet overseas record companies are really keen, and the Yamaha company kept telexing us because they wanted to enter one of our songs, 'It's A Party', in the Song Festival over there. It's when the drummer of a top overseas band, a credible musician who's made it, comes to a whole series of your shows and is so knocked out that he can't believe you haven't been snapped up sooner, that's when you start to wonder why someone's not paying the right attention.

"It's not a case of credibility, we've got a strong sense of that within the band. You cannot have a strong, committed bond with your audience, which we have, and not be a valid music force. We play six times a week, we're close to our audiences and they've just been so supportive and terrific to us. That's where the reality lies — audience acceptance. In effect, we're very much a street band — and I think we've got a lot more credibility than a lot of the bigger bands."

Who would she pick out as the most musical in the band?

"I wouldn't, because I think there's a lot of talent there, and I wouldn't be able to."

Was she just being diplomatic?

"No . . . well, okay, YOU choose. Judy (drummer Costello) has just got the Paise sponsorship from Billy Hyde Drums, Pam (Withnail, sax) is a graduate from the Sydney Conservatorium, I studied eight years of classical piano and opera, Louise (Hughes, lead guitar) studied classical for ages, and Faye (Reid, bass) and Veda (Meneghetti, guitar) also did music courses. I mean, there's some heavy talent there, but as an insider, I'm most concerned with the way everything fails together to make a group sound."

Australian female rock is going through one of its most exciting and valid periods. No longer content with dishing out hackneyed feminist slogans, increasingly we find rock musicians who're singing from the point of independent strong women.

Do Re Mi's "Man Overboard" is probably the best example to date, and it's no coincidence that Party Girls' "No Fixed Address" and "Go Slow Romeo" also adopt that stance, although Kiel is very quick to emphasise that she wants to sing about problems that face EVERYBODY, rather than be divided along sexual lines.

"The trick of it, you see, is that you keep things open-ended, to allow people to interpret things in their own way, and that's what causes that close bond between us and the audience. 'Isolation' is about being comfortable when you're alone, which Eastern societies have mastered, and which Western societies have not. I guess it's up to the individual to work out if it's valid to want to be alone, or not.

"No Fixed Address" is about someone who has no roots and no responsibility — does that make him or her irresponsible, or just free? Something like 'New Romance', about wanting to find a new love is something a kid from the western suburbs has felt as much as a political activist from Redfern."

Is there a TV show which she misses when she goes on tour?

"I'm the original TV idiot, I'll even watch *A-Team*, which is sexist and moronic. But I'll let ya into a secret, my most favourite show is *Monkey*, that Japanese kids' show, which I think is absolutely fantastic. As a matter of fact, that's why I want to go to Japan and break over there — not 'cos I want the money, I wanna meet the cast of *Monkey!*"

Another loud burst of laughter. Nancy Kiel is just keeping things in perspective.

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H.U.N.T.E.R.

Is Marc's a lonely heart?

By Steve Phillips

Marc Hunter swept into the room, as imposing in person as ever. You're struck by an impressive face, eyes that open the windows to a strong charisma.

He wears blue jeans, a blue shirt with studs, boots, scarf and yellow jacket. He moves noiselessly like a cat over a carpet. He's got the person that writers tend to go overboard about; remember that time in the late 70s when people were hailing him as the new Lizard King, when all he wanted to do was have a good time.

He looks tanned and healthy too — a souvenir from his recent holiday in Fiji. He also looks restless, and it real y doesn't surprise me that he muses about returning to Fiji shortly. At the end of the interview, he tells me that he's even contemplating going to live there.

"Fiji's great, all you do is relax completely," he looks distastefully out of the window at the Great Oz City Bustle. "There's no TV or anything like that. I generally stay with friends right on the beach. We sleep in beach housed and by day, do anything we want to — go for walks, swim, read by the palm trees . . ."

In a lot of ways, Marc's new solo album *Communication* doesn't really click until you take the tape for a walk on your Walkman on a warm moonlight night.

Parts of *Body And The Beat* seemed gutless, almost FM wimpy — was that a deliberate move for the US market?

"Wimpy?" he looks startled, and then appropriately indignant. "What, technically? God, I love the producation on that. You want to go back and listen to the early albums, pal; they're the ones with the wimpy sounds."

It there a lot of pressure getting the next LP together?

"Naah, we're just cruising. We've been working hard over the last three years, since we dedicated to get back together, so we're just taking the time to get some good, new songs together and work on the direction.

"There's no pressure for us to crack the US tomorrow, how cheesey! I'm happy with the way the band's gone so far, and I know we'll break America one day, of course we will."

On *Communication* Hunter tries his hand at "Tracks Of My Tears", a song which virtually every singer worth his/her salt has tried. What is it about that song that attracts vocalists?

"It's such a great song, Smokey Robinson did such a great job singing it. I was a bit hesistant about doing it, because why do it unless you can make it different? I think the version on the LP hold out, though."

Pic: Greg Noakes

Relaxed, in a very still atmosphere, the dreamy lyricism and romantic meditation makes sense. His solo LPs don't work on the same premise as the good ship Dragon's: they are for quiet moments and moods, more for reflection than movement, for bemusement more than enlightment. Not what I go for for much these days but there's a place and purpose for these things.

There are some dead moments and even some very Dragon-type tracks (strange, as *Communication* was recorded with Sydney sessioneers and only guests keyboardsplayer Alan Mansfield from the boys down at work) but the best moments are those languid yearnings on "Midnight Water" and "The Empty Beach", where you can positively f-e-e-l gentle warm tropical waters lapping at your feet, washing away footprints in the cold white sand . . .

It's hard to know what exactly has made Hunter restless, and it's difficult to make him open up. The Sydney press making public his private life — his split from the mother of his son Titus and speculating his relationship with actress Kate Fitzpatrick — has made him uncomfortable. He requests we not name or discuss the female singer he is (platonically) sharing a flat with, in case the Sydney dailies sniff it out and blow it out to embarrassing proportions.

Marc tends to travel mostly when the pressures of rock stardom catch up with him. His last lengthy voyage was the tourist trail through Morocco, Spain and France, when he'd get off the train at whim to visit villages and drink in the taverns with the locals (a change from touring with the band, where he prefers to stay in his hotel room, resting his voice).

Right now, Marc is marc-ing time, sifting through possible projects to keep him busy while Dragon stays off the road for at least six months (except for a Darwin gig with Oz Crawl in late August), writing new songs for their next LP. Obviously it's their next bite at the all-important US market, and an essential one after backscene screw-ups in America stopped "Rain" and *Body And The Beat* from making dents there after initial critical acclaim.

"It is annoying, but there's very little you can do, really," he says of the screw-ups. "It's frustrating because you think of all the time and energy that went into making a really good record and you find you can't capitalise on that."

You don't think it appeals to rock musicians because it's about putting on a front, the way rock stars are expected to?

"I don't think it's got anything to do with it."

Is it possible to be committed to keeping a personal relationship going when a musician has already committed himself/herself to breaking a rock band in a tough market?

"Of course you can, it becomes part and parcel of your entire personal life. You can do it if you want. Maybe something happened to stop *Body And The Beat* from cracking overseas because the band wasn't ready at the time. I basically want to crack America because I want to make my name there, and also out of spite."

Why, because America didn't swing her doors open to Dragon first time around?

"No, because we want to foist ourselves onto the unsuspecting Americans."

Considering the Sydney rock press once tried to promote him as the new Jim Morrison, did it appeal to his humor that he might one day be in the position where ten years after his death, fans refused to believe he was dead?

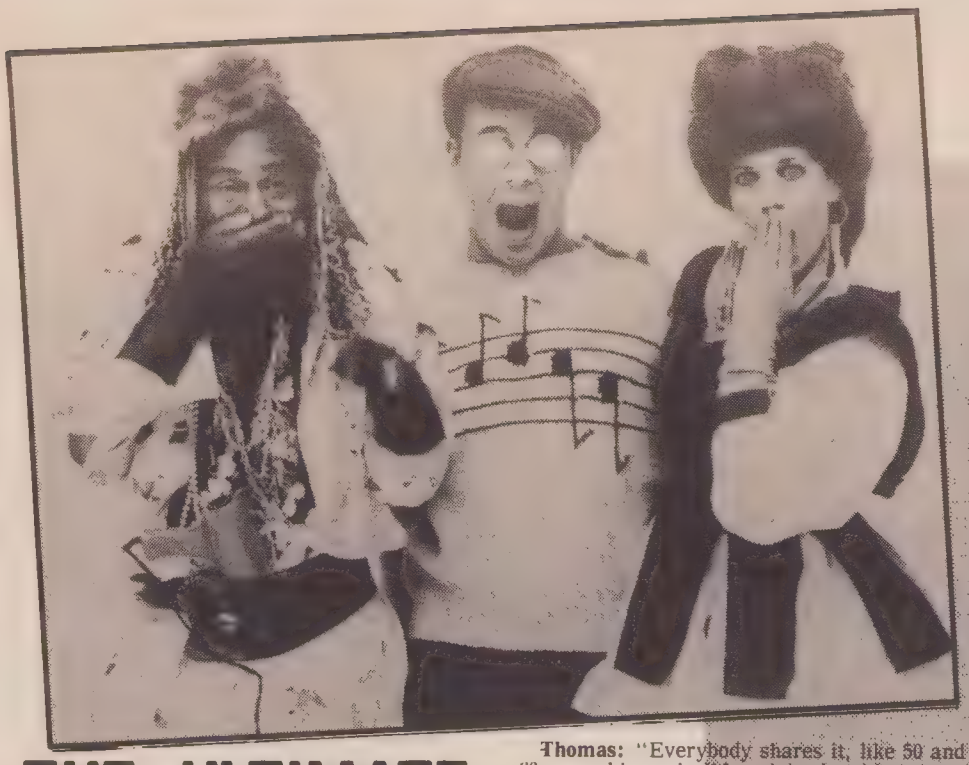
"I dunno. I'm not gonna die, not for another half an hour, at least."

Yes, but does it still appeal to your humor, anyway?

"I can't answer that, it's too hypothetical. I'm not dead, I'm not sure if people will give a shit if I die, I don't give a shit if they do. I can't respond to a question like that, because it's too hypothetical. If people want to fantasise about me, it's their business."

So what will Hunter do over the next few months? A solo band? No — comes the firm answer. *Communication* brings out the mellower, "croonier" side of him that sees him actually singing (as distinct from yelling out songs), evoking his love for the Cole Porter/Irving Berlin era.

"I think it goes back to the fact that when I was in New Zealand, between 17 and 20, I did a lot of cabaret. I used to push myself into a tuxedo in theatre restaurants and sing those songs like "Guantanamera". It was great fun, I loved it because it was so kitsch. I want to do a similar thing in Sydney, the way Renee (Geyer) and Jane Clifton did those fabulous, versatile shows. I've got an idea for it but I won't tell you because somebody else is sure to pinch it."



THE ULTIMATE PLEASURE DRUG

What could Thomas Dolby and George Clinton possibly have in common? Funk—and Dolby's Cube — writes Sasha Stojanovic, from London

"May The Cube Be With You" proclaims the Dolby's Cube first release. Dolby's Cube is supposed to be an occasional supergroup with fluctuating personnel, this time around the line-up being Thomas Dolby, George Clinton, Lene Lovich, Brecker Brothers and members of Parliament and Earth, Wind and Fire.

More than just an impressive lineup, the result is more of what one would expect from George Clinton, that maestro of funk, than Dolby's usual style. Clinton, being older and longer in this ungrateful business obviously has a stronger creative personality: it becomes apparent during the interview.

Dolby the Englishman is shy, retiring, at one point admitting that he'd rather be in the studio, doing what he knows best — making music, than talking to the press; Clinton who's American is extrovert, an entertaining interviewee. Seated side by side, they are strikingly different people: Dolby's an ordinary looking young man, Clinton a rainbow of outrageous colours, clothes-wise and woven in his hair. . .

They are two masters of completely different styles who have found a common ground and it works wonders. Thomas, a year after his second album *Flat Earth,* **conducted a "world tour of oddballs", by his own description: he contributed production, video direction and songs to Clinton's** *Some Of My Best Jokes Are Friends* **LP, worked with Ryuichi Sakamoto, Joni Mitchell, Grace Jones and produced the Prefab Sprout's excellent** *Steve McQueen* **album.**

George Clinton is an innovator of funk with bands like Parliament and Funkedelic, maker of exciting albums in his own right, like the trend-setting *Computer Games* **and** *You Shouldn't — Nut Bit Fish.*

How did the Dolby's Cube come into existence?

George: "It was at MTV that we met. Before that,I had heard his "Hyperactive" single and saw the video, as well as his special-mix release 'Get Out Of My Mix' (also under the name Dolby's Cube) and thought — I don't remember doing that!"

He proved that he could funk in there?

George: "He definitely did that, not only for me but my band — they never ask anybody how did they do something, especially not my bass player (Rodney 'Skeet' Curtis), he said to Thomas — 'Listen man, you gotta tell me how you did that!"

And then the meeting?

George: "It was coming out of MTV, he was going in and I said to him 'Man, you really baaad'. He started apologising, but I had to cut him short by saying 'Listen man, I didn't mean bad, I meant baaad'. Then we decided, as we are on tthe same label, to do something together."

When they got together, Dolby had already had an idea to engage Lene Lovich — his old friend for whom he had played keyboards on stage and wrote "New Toy" — with other notable funk contributors.

What about this 'ultimate pleasure drug' called Dolby's Cube?

Thomas: "Everybody shares it, like 50 and 60 year old people I'd explain the video storyline and they would say, 'yeah, that's great, it is like an antidote to grim reality'. It occurred to me that video-clubs are like that, this is a video-club set in the future where everybody picks up his own enjoyment. My vision is that in the future, there will be invented a pleasure machine which will enable people to spend more time in a fantasy world.

"It is going to be interactive, it is not like you are watching a film, you are going to be actually there, like in a dream, during that lucid moment when you feel that you can do whatever you like.

GEORGE: "It is not pharmaceutical, and not to be confused with any other drugs, past or present."

More like a mental inducer?

Thomas: "It is magical, mystical. I have never been a champion, a drug taker, although I have nothing against people who do it, my imagination is enough to keep me fired, thinking that this was a great idea for a song."

It sounds like the visual aspect was more important to you than the music itself, in this instance?

Thomas: "Oh, there is always a big backlash against that. I've always done that, even before I was making videos, imagining my songs as films to give me a handle on the lyrics. When the time came to make videos, I was visualising them on the screen, as well as in my mind. I'm not a poet who can write down a few couplets and at some later date, put them to music. Usually the music comes first and I fill it in with something that is visually strong.

"Video has been a real springboard for my music, which is always uncompromising, it doesn't really bend to the requirements of radio or the mainstream of pop and I need something to air my music."

The Cube's lyrics sound very science-fiction; is that something George inspired? and George, when did you get interested in science-fiction?

George: "I don't think it had anything to do with me, it was more to do with his vision of a future society. My own interest in science-fiction dates back to the Funkadelic's *Mother Ship* album; before that it was more methaphysical, phychedelic thing, weirdness."

Thomas, you've really turned into a workaholic!

"Why not? I've been in the public eye. I started thinking that I would do something to entertain myself. I knew that I couldn't compete with people like Adam Ant and Sting, so I decided to do different things, other aspects, and now I have a wide ranging aspect which I was longing for in the beginning."

How was it working out with all those different musicians?

Thomas: "Listen, in the space of two weeks I had calls from two people I wished the most to work with in my life: Joni Mitchell and David Bowie. Bowie wanted me to get a band together for him but I longed so much to work for Joni that I decided to turn him down, thinking that would make him even more curious to work with me."

There is a rumour that you had some problems whilst working with Joni Mitchell.

"Well, yes, we didn't see it the same way, she didn't want to change, therefore at times it was lucidly brilliant, at the other moments I had an emotional breakdown. I've managed to do what I wanted, so her album is going to be like Joni meets Laurie Anderson."

And Bowie?

"As I couldn't work with him, I suggested my bass player and guitarist, as well as Neil Conti, the drummer with Prefab Sprout. When I returned from Los Angeles, he still wanted me to work with him, playing keyboards at the *Live Aid* concert. Unfortunately, I was too late to record a song with him he had done for a new film *Absolute Beginners.*"

It seems you've branched into films as well?

Thomas: "I wrote a script for Steven Spielberg and did a soundtrack for a new film *'The Fever'.* Quincy Jones has started a film-score production company and wants me to do a soundtrack . . ."

George, apart from working on your own albums, you work with so many other people, Bootsy Collins, Funkadelic . . .

"I had to work under my own name because of the legal problems, but now all that is over. Funkadelic can never be a thing of the past because that is more George Clinton than George Clinton himself."

What do you think of state of funk at the moment?

George: "It is at the all time high, the state of funk is really happening."

Is this going to be an ongoing relationship?

Thomas: "Only occasionally, we are both too busy to keep it as an ongoing situation. We have a family of musicians with whom we work, but it is great to change the musicians from time to time. We might do an album and possibly tour, as well."

By Yvonne Cummings in Canberra

SHINE A LIGHT

LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS head overseas with their own brand of delicious off-centre pop

Nothing could match the magnificent send off that Sydney gave The Lighthouse Keepers. More than 900 people crammed into the Graphic Arts Club and sweated it out as the band, stunned and stoked, stretched their set out to a full 2½ hours.

But Canberra gave them a response which was just as enthusiastic, if not as memorable.

After all, three of the band originated from here. There'd have been no Lighthouse Keepers if guitarist/songwriter Greg Appel and singer Juliet Ward had not gone off to Sydney, met up with Michael 'Blue' Dalton (harp, slide) and drummer Steve Williams, and called on bassist Steve O'Neil (who'd played with Greg in the cultish-type Guthugga Pipeline) to pack his bags and head Sydney way.

The crowd at the ANU in Canberra whooped it up as the band swung into a set that caressed as much as it cajoled, their best known numbers like "Ocean Liner", "Wheels Over The Desert" and "Evil Touch" — whether they were whipped into shape simply to conform with their peverse sense of the occasion or to continually update their history and convert to the present is something the city's punters are still figuring out — as well as covers of Aretha's "Never Love A Man" and El's "Suspicious Minds".

From then on, it was on to Melbourne and Adelaide, then across the Nullabor to Perth where they'd officially launch their new A-sided single "Ode To Nothing" and "Seven Years" at the Red Parrot, after which they flew to Vienna to kick off a three month European/British tour.

"Over the last year or so, we've discovered that audiences are becoming more in tune with what the band's about," observes drummer Steve Williams one mid-afternoon in his modest hotel room.

"Maybe they're coming to terms with the material, maybe we've just got better, I really don't know."

This is the Lighthouse Keepers' subtle manner of not taking themselves seriously. When they first got together, there was never any grandoise plan to Make It Big. They just wanted to play Greg's songs.

From then on, as audiences grew and (some) critics drooled, they released three LPs *Gargoyle, Exploding Lighthouse Keepers* and the much acclaimed *Tales Of The Unexpected* from last year. Having travelled the country a number of times, it's just a natural progression to head off overseas.

"This is not the big effort to make it, I very much doubt we'll shake up London or anything like that," continues Williams. "We're basically seeing this as a holiday for the band members while we look around and play for our supper. A lot of people here and there have commented we'll do very well there. But I'm not going to speculate."

The European trip came about when a friend of a friend — a lady who runs a host of Austrian clubs — holidayed in Sydney and caught the band one night at the Hopetown Hotel. She asked if they wanted to play places like Lyntz and Ainsbroke. From there, the band will also play small 300-capacity clubs through France, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, and then Britain, where The Triffids have been helping them set up gigs and a house.

"The whole European thing just's fallen together. It's been done on a personal, one-to-one basis, between the band and the club promoters. There's no middle man. I guess there is a great distance between Australia and Europe, but we have pulled it off. There should be no problems . . . I hope!"

One of the things we've never done is rehearse enough — we just don't have the time. We manage ourselves, we do our own publicity, we handle a lot of the record packaging ourselves, so that keeps us very busy. It wasn't so much a conscious decision to be self-contained, or anything like that, it's just that in the early days we used to manage ourselves because no one was interested, so we did all the accounting and the promotion and the rest of it ourselves.

"Then when we did start to make a name for ourselves and managers did offer to look after us, we figured, why change? We knew what to do . . . or thought we did."

Considering the lack of major airplay and the general indifference of the Australian music industry and media, did they feel any bitterness?

Williams looks genuinely preplexed and frowns. "You know, someone asked us that recently in Sydney too, and we can't for any reason see why. What on earth would we be bitter about? We got together with the aim of playing good original music, and as long as we were allowed to continue doing that, we were contented, even if we were just getting paid $40 a night.

"Now, don't get us wrong, we don't want to spend the rest of our lives playing for $40 a night, but we take most of this quite light-heartedly. I personally think we had a good time and were quite lucky. We looked around at some of these other bands that may have taken it a bit more seriously, had greater aspirations to achieve popularity, and think we're not as badly in shape as them."

The rock press painted Lighthouse Keepers as a charming if intangible pop band: were there any aspects about the band that the critics didn't cotton on to?

"I don't think so. The one aspect which we think is quite important is the fact we manage ourselves but I don't think too many people in the audience would know it, or even care. But I think it's important to the way we've evolved."

Through their various releases, the band's music remains elusive. It probably is to them: Blue Dalton's influences were blues, country and big band, while the others' tastes range from '70s punk to '60s pop. One of the interesting aspects about the band was they dared to introduce technique into the Sydney rock scene, which quite openly favours bands that go for 'feel' and volume.

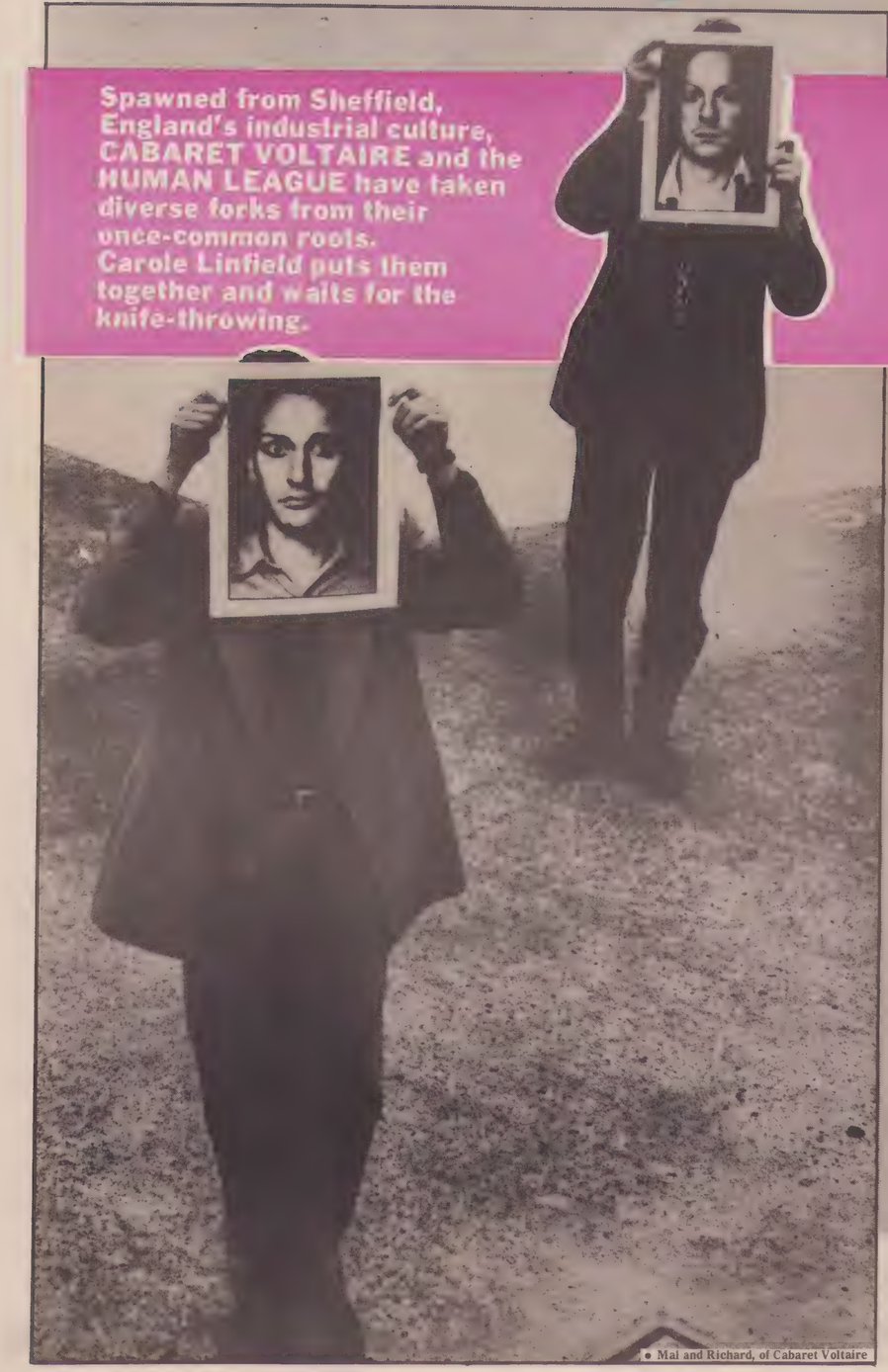
"Yeah, we didn't consciously go out to introduce technique, but Michael in particular is a very good musician. And we've always had a policy of changing instruments around through the show, so Steve gets to play sax and guitar as well as bass, Juliet plays keyboards too, as well as bass and tambourine, and Greg plays 12-string and guitar. I'm the least limited, I just play drums and percussion."

Can he relate the bittersweet nature of Appel's songs to the man's affable nature?

"Yeah, they can be quite bitter, but they're not always what they seem. Greg's a brilliant lyricist, I reckon. You really have to listen to the words. And yeah, sometimes I listen to a line and wonder why he's saying why he is, when he seems such a different person!"

WE FLY UNITED

Spawned from Sheffield, England's industrial culture, CABARET VOLTAIRE and the HUMAN LEAGUE have taken diverse forks from their once-common roots. Carole Linfield puts them together and waits for the knife-throwing.



• Mal and Richard, of Cabaret Voltaire

Phil Oakey has a benign growth appearing between his armpit and one of his delicately pierced nipples.

Cabaret Voltaire's Mal had one, too, but on his mum's advice he tied a hair round it. It swelled up with blood and he had to have it removed.

The radioactive effects of living in the nuclear zone, perhaps? In an age where stillborn Cumbrian children are secretly being cut up for evidence of alarming malformations, anything's possible. As we all know, Sheffield is already well known for its disposition towards The Arty. Perhaps that explains it.

Through an inspired mistake, two of Sheffield's musical ambassadors have been brought together to talk about it all. The Human League, big sellers replete with commercial success, are together with Cabaret Voltaire, whose career spans nine years and whose work constitutes part of the syllabus for degrees in modern art forms and popular culture. Two different aspects of the same basic needs, desires, and ideals? Or just brought together through virtue of their home town.?

For a start, Phil Oakey and Ian Burden are no strangers to the small studio of Cabs Richard and Mal. With the sole exception of Mal, who spends prolonged stretches in Swiss Cottage, they've all remained near neighbors, even if that doesn't extend to deep socialising.

"We deliberately came back to Sheffield to be in the real world," says Phil. "We live an ordinary life here. Sheffield is just great — I never noticed it until I'd been in London and travelled around the country. The people here are all so arty — and a little bit esoteric. it's a very caring, friendly place."

So the source is common . . . but the goal? It would seem that the Human League and Cabaret Voltaire once shared very similar beginnings, but that the mighty oak split into two well defined branches when the League went pop. Yet, since the hiatus of the League's success, Phil is seeking the old respectability the group once had, while trying hard to stick to the pop vein. And the Cabs, who seemed briefly to flirt with what culd have been a hit single with 'Sensoria', are still waving in the breeze, forsaking that direction for their latest, rather inaccessible EP, *Gasoline In Your Eyes.*

It could read something like one of those syllabus questions. The Human League and Cabaret Voltaire have different ways of expressing the same thing. Explain and discuss.

"This is going to turn into nostalgia," warns Phil.

"Of course, you're the only band we can't accuse of stealing our idea of the slides, because we stole it off you," volunteers Phil, Cabwards.

Evidence of an early affinity, I suggest.

"Only very broadly, because we went about it in different ways," says Mal.

"I'd never actually seen your slide show," qualifies Phil, "but I suspect Adrian had. I only found out about it afterwards. They weren't the same, though, because our were specific and yours at the time were organic things."

Mal: "Ours was a challenge thing, all out of context, a juxtaposition to see what worked."

Phil: "It made your shows an event. For two or three years, I never missed one. Ian was in Graph at the time, and they were sort of halfway between the two of us, using films."

Ian: "It was a lot about not knowing what to do with ourselves on stage. We didn't have anyone who was visually striking or who could dance."

Mal: "That's true, and that's a common link with all of us."

Common links which were more apparent in earlier days than they've been of late. For example, what inspired so much use of electronics in both bands?

Phil: "It was because we were all comfortable. There was unemployment everywhere else before it was here. There was never even a real punk band in Sheffield."

Mal: "Punk was not so literal here. There were no thrash bands, it was more a feel or a spirit than any one kind of band."

So it was an affluent thing, too?

Phil: "It had to be, in those days."

Mal: "Less so with us, though, because we didn't buy loads of synths, it was more *treatments* of things."

Did it find derivation from the atmosphere of Sheffield, and the kind of people who live here? For instance, you've both used concurrent themes: not only the slides and films, but also the reference to TV — the *Hawaii-Five-O* bit the League used, and the re-filming off the screen which the Cabs are so fond of.

Mal: "You've got a media-orientated bunch of people up here. We're quite an arty and pretentious lot — we are, really! — but not in an intellectual or aloof sort of way. There's a hell of a lot of poseurs in Sheffield . . ."

Phil: "You looked at me, then!"

Richard, back on the subject: "We use that method because it's a cheap and informative way of getting things over. I'm the child of the TV generation . . ."

Ian: "People can't get away from it! And a lot of people in Sheffield are interested in getting into the other side of things, finding out how to make films and having a go themselves."

Roots

The obvious roots of Cabaret Voltaire have been with the art school way of thinking, from the name and its Dadaist roots through to their own brand of twisted propoganda. But, even though they keep their links with Some Bizzare, the Cabs have forsaken independent roots and met up with the Human League on the books of Virgin records. Does that make their original ideals redundant?

"The Dadaism is always relevant," insists Mal. "We've never lost it, but you have to adapt to what's around you. You have to use the tools you have, whatever's available to you."

Is there a place for Dadaism in chart music?

Richard: "Paul Morley obviously thinks so."

Mal: "It gets too stylised — like The Jesus And Mary Chain, it gets too regimented, too strict. It's a literal provocation, but nothing's particularly shocking."

These days, I suggest, neither is using shaky eight millimetre film.

Mal: "Yeah, that does get cliched, and you do want to get rid of it. A lot of people came up with the idea at the same time, but then there was a second generation who tried to use scratchy film, who tried to copy A Certain Ratio."

And you don't find that a threat?

"No, we've developed our own style, and you'd have to be pretty stupid to copy our style, because we don't sell any records! You have to be like Bowie, and nick all the right ideas."

There were rumors abounding a while back that the Human League were going to split after the lengthy recording, high cost and only mild success of "Hysteria", and that Virgin had told the Cabs they'd better get some hits.

Richard: "Yeah, I heard about that. It'd just Virgin policy, though. Everyone has to churn out hit singles."

But doesn't that put a pressure on you?

Mal: "A psychological pressure, yes. But you have to take an overview. We don't set out to make records that are commercial or popular, it's just what you view as that. We never made a record and said, we don't want this to be successful or commercial. Invariably, they aren't, but we never did that intentionally."

That must have affected the League, too?

Ian: "It's different for us, because that's what we always set out to do, make pop records."

A goal that seemed a strange progression from the early League.

"That was a different band, though."

Yes, but you must always have kept the same ideals?

Phil: "No. All we ever wanted was to sound like Donna Summer. She was our ideal. We had no musicians, so we couldn't do it."

Mal: "None of them were black, either."

Phil: "That was a disadvantage . . ."

The two distinct prongs are clear. On the one hand, the Cabs, still trendy after all these years, still a name to bandy around, and yet without any widespread success. The League, on the other hand, having forsaken their once cult status, have both financial and commercial security. Which brand washes whiter?

Mal: "Often, being a cult band just means you haven't actually made it, you've just made enough records to be known. It's simply pigeonholing. People's views of any group are very stereotyped. We've had the long black raincoat approach."

Phil: "There are a lot of fans like that, though. You two are maybe a disappointment to them."

Mal: "Yeah, we've pissed a lot of people off by not being serious in interviews."

Richard: "We take our music seriously, so people think of us as being po-faced all the time."

Phil: "If the subject of the Cabs comes up, we say, oh yeah, we used to go down the pub with them — they're a couple of pissheads, really . . .

"But I know there are people who go into interviews and sit in their macs and won't talk to anybody. We're basically all the same — *we're the same lot of people with different music . . .*"

It sounds as though you miss having a deep level of respect?

Phil: "Yeah. In the old days I used to have back and forth letters with guys about why we were doing what we were doing. There was a depth to it that, as soon as you've started having hits, people don't think you've got anymore."

Richard: "That's because people don't think you're their property anymore, because it's a 'they're my group, no-one else has heard of them' kind of thing."

Mal: "But you have to remember that you're not making music for them, you're making it for yourself. We're not flagbearers at all. It's a question of having confidence in your own music, no matter what."

But is there any point in doing what you want to do if no-one listens to it?

"Yeah! Absolutely!" comes the resolute cry. Adds Richard: "No-one bought Van Gogh's paintings till after he was dead . . ."

It sounds like a selfish process.

Mal: "It is. You make records to please yourself."

And do you stand by all your past records?

Richard: "I would, because my criteria is that if you made a record, you had a good reason to do it at the time, and that's justification enough for it."

Phil: "I don't know. We work so much to make hit records, it doesn't leave much time to do anything else. We played all the LP tracks to our producer and he said, 'Yeah, I like them, they're good, but they're all singles, there are no LP tracks.' It had never occurred to me, but now we keep thinking, how do we turn this into a hit? — when we should just do it because it's good in itself."

Not because it has the whitewashed blandness of "Goodbye Bad Times", presumably?

Phil: "I've got to be careful . . . I got told off last week because of what I said to the press. Basically, the thing about that LP is they gave me eight lyrics to write in a week, and that was what you got. There's two rotten ones . . . one of them's the single. But I think sometimes doing it fast is very good. Do you do yours fast?"

Mal: "Yeah. Sometimes it can be an advantage to do it fast and bring out the things you're not conscious of Lyrics often work better like that. Same with music. You set yourself limits."

Richard: "What's it like working with old Giorgio Moroder, anyway?"

Phil: "It's great. You just walk in and do it. Eight vocals in two days. And then you walk out again. That's what we wanted to do with this LP, but we got bogged down again. We wanted to get some keyboards and a guitarist and just go in and do it."

Mal: "Refining is a bad thing. Sophistication is detrimental. The basis of music is feel, it's not about spending hours over it."

Would the Cabs like to have produced something like 'Don't You Want Me'?

"Er . . . that's a difficult question," offers Mal. "It's a great single, and yes, the Cabs would like to produce a great single . . ."

Ian: "But you wouldn't feel comfortable doing something like that."

Politics

Where the Cabs do feel comfortable is in their rather esoteric use of politics and their combined use of visuals (clips of Hitler hiccoughing) — because, as Mal points out, "Our existence is a dig at the status quo. What we are is quite political."

Where the Human League stand is a little less well defined. From a band who produced "The Dignity of Labour" and "The Lebanon", where does their affinity lie now?

"We're dogmatically leftish, but it's complicated," says Phil. "Our manager would say everything you do is political."

Richard: "That's an interesting statement . . ."

Phil: "When we did 'The Lebanon', which caused quite a lot of trouble for us, we thought we were making a simple statement — 'let's stop killing people in Lebanon'. But now I realise all we were saying was 'what are you showing us on the news? I don't understand it!'

"You think it's the same, a thousand people being killed in Sheffield, or a thousand in the middle east. But it's not. It's possible to say that people in the Lebanon don't mind. There are a lot of people out there quite happy to top themselves."

Richard: "That's right — they shout out that they'll soon be feeding on their mother's milk, because they believe in reincarnation."

Phil: "In Iran, they give the kids plastic keys. They tell them it's their key to heaven, and they run across the minefield so the soldiers don't get blown up."

Mal: "What is why, as a musician, it's very naive to try and sum that up in, say, six minutes. All you can do is not shirk the issues, by doing something like 'The Lebanon', or like we did a song about a Baader-Meinhoff group. It doesn't solve anything, but it points people in the right direction."

While the Cabs remain more on the cynical side than the League, at least as far as the effect of music on the world, there's a surprising amount of agreement. Although Phil thought Live Aid was great, the Cabs count the cost of such a spectacular more in terms of an artist's esteem, two sides of a coin we're all too familiar with. But the hypocrisy is, they agreed, entrenched deep within the system, with Bob Geldof just poking out like a . . . well, like a fatty growth.

Phil is mulling the death of unacceptability in rock, which seems to be an unfortunate side effect of all the fund raising. Where's the element of risk gone? The defiant spirit?

"Media is killing pop music," decides Phil. "It's now just a singles market. It's beginning to revive a bit, with the re-emergence of independent labels and live music, but it's all these glossy magazines. They just want pretty faces. Whatever happened to LP bands"?

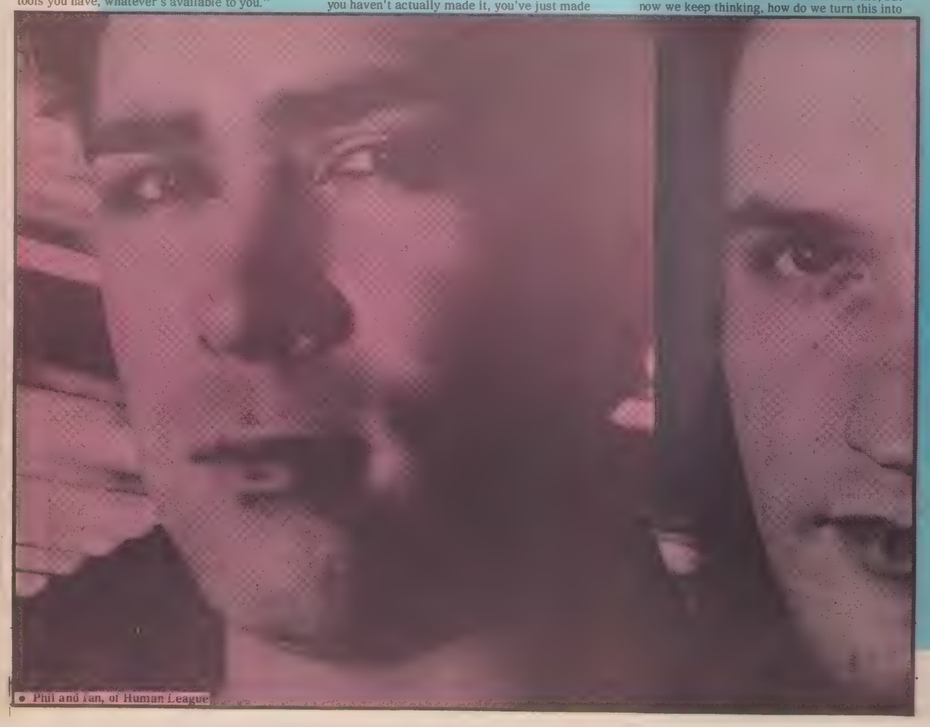
But you yourself admitted that you feel you have to write hits all the time, make each song a single?

"Yeah . . . Pathetic, isn't it ?"

Mal, meanwhile, sees the important thing as remaining true to yourself.

"No-one's ever made us write gooey pop songs. We just do what we're good at. Which is writing bad pop songs!"

"When you think about it, that 's a crazy thing to say," says Phil. "There are no bad pop songs. There's no such thing as good and bad music, but you do think it's only the good music that sells. It's not good or bad — it's alternatives."



• Phil and Ian, of Human League

SAN DIEGO

Beat Farmers

The Beat Farmers' Country Dick Montana — a brawny bearded mean looking character with a deep mud-flat frog-croak of a voice — and his cheery regular-guy sidekick Jerry Raney seem well seasoned in the bar-band lifestyle.

They've spent most of the last decade sleeping on floors of vans, scraping a crust here and there, dodging cops and the repo men. Now they've achieved success both in Europe and in the good old U.S. of A.

The legend goes that drummer and vocalist Montana rounded up Raney (guitar, vocals), Rollie Dexter (bass) and Budfy Blue (guitar, vocals) from various blues, rock and no-hope new wave outfits, having previously got the alchemy going with groups like The Snuggle Bunnies and The Penetrators.

He brought them down to a town called El Centro, just off the Mexican border. ("It's a real sleaze-hole, everybody there is going to hell . . . they've been living so close to it all their lives"). There, he rehearsed them until they were good and ready to go back up to his native San Diego and face the world.

Dick: "The band was set up so that it didn't need a record to support it. We put together something that could survive by itself. We'd make up our own records and sell them at gigs around the country. Having record companies interested in us is just an added bonus."

In San Diego, and all around the new West, Montana and his cronies did not much like what they saw. The new west was not much of a place for heroes, not much of a place for the straight-ahead drive and melody of the '60s groups Jerry Loved, nor the hell-raisin' honky tonkin' that Dick's country'n'western road manager Pa had nurtured in him.

Montana: "I remember seeing George Jones in the late '50s and it was real rowdy, people sloshing their beers and singing along, that's what I like to generate with our music.

"Rock'n'roll separated itself from country in the late '50s when rockabilly died out and wimps like Fabian came in. The Beatles and The Stones did a bit to help it, but it was pretty much ignored in pop music for years until now. Even now it's not commercially proven, people are scared by it."

As far as it goes, *Tales Of The New West* The Beat Farmers' debut album, presents something of a statement for disaffected Californians, the generation who got washed up when the last wave came over Brian Wilson's sand box, who watched the bland-out years of The Eagles and Poco and endured the onslaught of MTV inanities. Songs like "Bigger Stones" (their 'Glory Days'), a verions of Springsteen's "Reason To Believe" (delivered in an affectionate cowpoke) and Jerry's psuedo-mournful "Where Do They Go" sketch out the picture.

But The Beat Farmers also bring some of the worst aspects of new Yankee rock into play. They are consciously slobbish and belligerent, too concerned with retaining rock'n'roll's juvenile fun and thrills rather than trying to make it grow and adapt it to their age group. The disaffected generation may have found a voice but is it articulate, has it got that much to say?

Dick: "We appeal a lot to people that don't feel part of the music scene anymore. The people that aren't happy with this techno pop, make-up, heavy metal and Godknowswhat. The people that thought the '70s sucked, like us."

Jerry: "The reason it seems a lot of American groups are stuck in the past is that a lot of people are really getting sick of the synthesiser stuff. If that's what the future holds for music they want to go back to the roots and play very well to play a synthesiser, it does it all for you. I don't think they're completely wrong but I kinda wish that they'd never been invented."

Country Dick: "It's kinda like the A bomb, it was good to end the war with but it's a shame what has happened to it since. It's just been abused, overused, it's ruining music.

"I don't even like computers, I don't like condominiums, I don't like shopping malls."

Buddy: "The first thing we did when we came here was go and see all the old things in London. Then across the road they'd be building all this new crap which makes it just look like the States."

Dick: "Mass commercialism, going for the quick buck — it's music and architecture going down the drain. It doesn't have to be that way, it's just all money orientated. You'd never have been able to build Tower Bridge in the States — no one would have tolerated spending money on something that beautiful."

Expertise

The Beat Farmers know their raw material and wield their tools with confidence and expertise. But hit between the eyes once too often by their "raucous", "melodic" and "lusty" vignettes, their constrictions and lack of ambition becomes obvious. They market themselves via their giveaway Almanac on a puerile sleaze ticket — recipes for Smegma and Cricket Pie, anyone?

Live, the only relief comes through mangy pub cabaret interludes — an acappella version of 'Whole Lotta Love' and the journeys Dick makes into the audience to abuse them and throw beer around. It's no surprise to hear that the act came together playing for College students, it's all very *Return To The Animal House.*

Jerry: "They love to be abused by him."

Dick: "Some of them treat me like a real God, it's scary. They beg me to come and stand on their tables and knock over their drinks. They don't realise that what I'm doing is spontaneous, I don't work it out in advance or I'd fumble and lose the moment."

Come off it, I've seen you twice in four months, once in America and once in London, and both times you made the same moves.

"Uh no no, it may have struck you as being the same because the attitude is the same, but each time it's different. The recklessness has to be there, I have to get drunk, I'm not an actor."

You seem to be able to get drunk by pouring beer all over the place. When I used to drink I always found it worked better when you poured it down your throat.

"I don't know how that started but it makes me feel real comfortable." Once on his rounds Dick got knifed by a crazy biker, but the guy was taken outside and beaten up by his buddies. I imagined the cock happy 'Californian Kid' with its barely veiled six-shooter phallic symbolism must have caused some rad femme chagrin on the university campuses where they have a big following."

Dick: "No, the recorded version has a line that I couldn't do anything about because it was mixed before I thought about it — 'I dragged her upstairs by the lower lip' — that's the only thing I can see as being offensive so I changed it to her dragging me upstairs by my lower lip. That's a lot more fun for me."

Jerry: "The way we see it, anybody is as wide open as we are to have fun made out of them. We went up to California and made fun out of gay people, we were just kidding around, we know gay people, they make fun of us — who gives a shit?"

They tell me I'm misreading their careful mix of spunk, deeply considered songs and strong melodies. Anyway next time they say it'll be different.

Dick: "The songs on *Tales Of The New West* came out of our previous bands, the second album will be more ambitious, it" be the first one specifically done for this band. There's some lofty ideals in there, besides having a good beat and a good time, we really want to affect people in their hearts."

During an English visit they played a GLC festival. There's nothing Stateside to compare with that mixture of pop and politics.

Dick: "Every once in a while a candidate will have some poor misguided band playing for him. Reagan's absolutely out of his mind but nobody's really saying anything politically. That's where some of the songs on our new LP are going to show some Beat Farmers' fans because there's a couple of really heavy political things that Buddy wrote about politics and religion f...ing up innocent people's minds. Everybody's afraid of offending the Republican buyer, too concerned with making the dollar."

Still, I'm unconvinced by The Beat Farmers. They seem trite beside Los Lobos, The Long Ryders and R.E.M.. their attitude veers towards revivalism rather than revitalism.

Dick: "We never really matured, we still think pretty much the same way as when we were 19. Musically it's important to mature but I've seen people get old, boring and complacent. They sit in front of the tube and live their life that way. We still kept a rowdy spirit, we're real juvenile, it's fun. We like Mad magazine and all that stuff."

Jerry: "A lot of bands are way to f...in' serious and sing about politics. There's a place for everything. Let someone else do the serious stuff and we'll f... around."

Why not let the 14-year-olds f... around, why over-react to pomposity?

"We're over-reacting to serious bands? That's real interesting. I haven't had anybody get down on me so hard since the last time I went to visit my mam."

Maybe he should go and visit the old dear more often.

— GAVIN MARTIN

The Humpe Sisters

BOURGEOIS

Apart, the Humpe sisters led two of Berlin's squarer popular groups, called Neon Babies and Ideal. Humpe squared is a far more rounded proposition.

In each other's company Anete and her kid sister Inge find the strength to be what they never quite managed alone; that is, skittish, free to luxuriate in the states most comfortable to them. At breakfast time in London's Hilton, between bouncing sibling insults off each other, they recall how they shrugged off peer group pressures to conform to the commercialised concern of Neue Deutsche Welle — the German power popping of punk manifested as stick-on furrowed brow.

"In NDW it was easy to write a text," bluffs Anete. "You'd take a slogan and build a song round it. It had to have this special quality of anti. Ideal (her temporarily successful group, a prime offender of what she is describing) was only about certain kinds of feelings, always slightly aggressive. If you didn't want to be aggressive or nasty then it was difficult. I wanted to do something with more melody and warmth, rather than have an anti-base for everything."

Not exactly overwhelmingly positive, the *Humpe-Humpe* LP (WEA) she and Inge have just released is far more expansive than either of their previous projects. If finds the pair adrift in electronics-induced melancholy moods harmonising sweetly on themes of love in discord.

At first the luxury of soft vocals indented on a spongy matrix of soung — expertly realised by producers Roma Baran (best known for her work with Laurie Anderson), Conny Plank (DAF, Ultravox) and Gareth Jones (Depeche Mode, Einsturzende Neubauten) — is suffocating, rather like having a satin pillow placed over your head.

But as the words seep through the satin it becomes clear that this is the desired effect: the effect of unrealised desires described (in an occasionally awkward English) in songs like the Plath inspired 'Belle Jar' (sic), 'Happiness Is Hard To Take' (the theme ruminated on from inside a sensory deprivation tank) and 'You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me'.

Churlish of me to suggest that the songs might have been even sharper if written in their native tongue I know, but. . .

"But it's impossible to write about love in German!" remarks Anete astonished. Tell that to *Tristan Und Isolde*, Blixa Bargeld, Malaria, I politely interject, but today my mood is more conciliatory.

Despite the immense cost to their credibility the two sisters' pasts have chalked up — the most recent charge being a daft novelty hit by themselves going under the name of DOF (initials for German Austrian Friendship) — their success has bought them the studio time to realise this dream of an LP, so I let it pass.

"In Germany there's an atmosphere that words are all used up," continues Inge. "You have a history of good pop music. Whereas in Germany it doesn't exist. They still don't know what pop music is. They still have to invent it."

On the contrary it has been intermittently richly reinvented in Germany. More so there then any other non Anglo-American country, by the likes of Kraftwerk, DAF etc. Given its mainstream success, 'Humpe-Humpe' plays no small part in the process of renewal. It occasionally touches more marginal areas, but its integrity is — perhaps surprisingly — derived from its relocation of more traditional virtues in different settings. It summarises what pop meant to them growing up in the Germany of the '60s.

"We grew up in a small middle-class town near Dortmund," remembers Anete, "Everything had to be orderly. We had to dress and behave correctly. Pop music opened up to us another world outside this town. It said there was something going on that they hadn't told us. It promised a different life where you could do what you like."

"Our parents owned a cafe where on Sundays we would have to do the dishes," adds Inge. "We would listen to British Forces Broadcasting Service on the radio. My mother hated it, but she couldn't do anything about it as we were working. To her it sounded like strip-joint music, it was so sexual."

"She would disappear up to her room with her Bach and her Mozart," continues Anete. "She thought there was more soul spirit and dignity in the music she liked. She thought pop music had no dignity."

Imagine the disappointment on their mother's face when Anete abandoned her classical music training to play Beatles tunes on the family piano.

"It was the first 'yeah'," interjects Inge.

"For Germany it was revolutionary to sing something so banal as 'yeah, yeah, yeah'," endorses Anete.

"Our mother," concludes Inge wistfully," was a real 'yeah' hater."

The Humpe sisters — the girls who said 'yeah' when they meant NO!

— BIBA KOPF.

ON FILM

• Peter Firth (left) in a scene from *Lifeforce*.

Halley's Comet the key to film authenticity

by Dulcie Jean

***Lifeforce*, one of the world's most lavish science fiction productions ever mounted for the screen is based on the best selling novel, *The Space Vampires* by Colin Wilson.**

Shot entirely in England, producers Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus marshalled an army of the finest technicians and craftsmen in the film industry.

The novel is set in another century, far removed from ours. Director Tobe Hooper and co-screenwriters Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby decided to change that.

"You have less identification when a story is set so far in the future," says Hooper. "Another problem we encountered was how to get a group of astronauts into the asteroid belt."

The key was Halley's comet, which will be back in our skies in 1986. The story is about a huge alien ship measuring 150 miles in length, which is making a slow approach to earth. The vessel, hidden within the cone of Halley's comet, had been floating aimlessly in space until four astronauts from the exploration ship, Churchill set foot on the craft, and unknowingly triggered a devastating sequence of events.

When the spaceship Churchill returns from its voyage, it contains not a living soul — and three alien creatures, humanoid in form, held in suspended animation within crystal sarcophagi.

Scientists at the European Space Research Centre do not realise the danger these seemingly dead creatures pose. Mysteriously coming to life, the female Alien escapes from the centre. Beside the steel slab she once lay is the cadaver of her guard, hideously shrunken beyond recognition.

An escape pod from the Churchill enters the Earth's atmosphere. It contains the mission's sole survivor, Captain Tom Carlsen. He is immediately summoned to London to explain the Alien presense.

Carlsen tells an incredulous audience how his crew died. The aliens, hungry for life-energies, sucked the pulsating flow from his companions, leaving their bodies as shriveled skin and bones. What's more, Carlsen seems to have a telepathic link with the Alien girl, who strangely left him unharmed.

As Carlsen speaks, the Alien ship hovers menacingly over the planet as it sprouts a webbed, umbrella-like object. In the meantime, most of London has been quarantined as a hideous plague begins to claim its victims.

Scores of people are discovered dead, and reduced to scraggly corpses. Then mysteriously, they too come alive to find their own prey.

As their only resort, NATO forces are poised to annihilate London in hopes of stemming the ungodly pestilence.

In the mounting hysteria, only Carlsen knows the whereabouts of the Alien girl. The only hope of saving the plant is to destroy this space vampire before mankind is reduced to waste.

Director Tobe Hooper first received widespread recognition for a feature he wrote, produced, and directed entitled *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Completed 12 months ago on such a small budget $155,000, *Chainsaw* did extremely well at the box office and became an incredible money-maker worldwide.

Considered a classic of the horror/terror genre, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* began the spate of slasher movies that have gushed forth the major studios till this day.

Approached by producer/director Steven Spielberg, Hooper was asked to direct *Poltergeist*. The film was one of 1982's biggest box-office hits. The scripts came pouring in after that, but Hooper was not interested in any of them. To keep himself busy he directed the Bill Idol video, *Dancing With Myself*.

It was then that producer Menhem Golan approached Hooper about Lifeforce. "I knew straight away that this was the one," he says.

Producers Menahem and Globus share the same energy that created Hollywood over seventy years ago. Golan, Chairman of the Board of The Cannon Group, Inc., and Globus, President, put more motion pictures into production for 1983-84 than any other major studio during the same period, and their line-up for 1985/86 will exceed that number.

Golan and Globus have been partners since 1960 when they formed Noah Films, Ltd. Together, they made close to 40 features. Having virtually created the Israeli film industry, their success was unparalleled.

Since 1979, they have set up base in Hollywood and have produced such films as *That Championship Season, Sahara, Bolero, Breakdance, Breakdance 2, Electric Boogaloo, Deja Vu,* and *King Solomon's Mines.*

Actor Steve Railsback plays Colonel Tom Carlsen. His first professional work was playing Charles Manson in the tele-movie *Helter Skelter.* That electrifying performance led to his role opposite Peter O'Toole in *The Stunt Man.*

Railsback's other feature credits include *The Turkey Shoot, The Courageous, The Golden Seal* and *Torchlight.*

Peter Firth portrays the skeptical SAS Colonel Colin Crane in *Lifeforce.* After appearing in several local drama schools, Peter left home at 17, acquired an agent, and made his film debut in *Brother Sun Sister Moon.*

Following his critically acclaimed performance as Alan Strang in *Equus* at London's National Theatre, Firth took the role to Broadway and won further critical acclaim in addition to a Tony Award. He then received an Oscar nomination for the reprisal of his role in the film version starring Richard Burton, and directed by Sydney Kumet.

Mathilda May is the entrancing, but deadly Alien. Born and raised in Paris, she developed an early love for music which enhanced her ambition to become a ballet dancer.

May started training at the National Conservatorium of Paris at the age of eight, and graduated at 17 having won the coveted first prize.

During her final year at the Conservatorium, a chance meeting with an old family friend changed her professional prospects.

After much coaxing, she convinced Mathilda to test for John Boorman's *Dream One.* She did, she got the part, and she was hooked.

"I didn't realise how marvellous it was to act," she said.

But Mathilda hasn't hung up her dance shoes yet. During breaks while filming *Lifeforce*, she flew to Paris to take formal classes, and currently has high hopes on appearing in a musical that will combine both her crafts.

Lifeforce is currently screening at a Hoyts theatre.

Rockit

LONGFORM MUSIC-VIDEO CHART FOR AUGUST 17

TV	LV	ARTIST	TITLE		HIFI RRP	DIST
1	3	Compleat Beatles	BEATLES		19.95	CEL
2	1	Mental As Anything	MONUMENTAL	*	29.95	CEL
3	17	Queen	LIVE IN RIO	*	39.95	EMI
4	7	Beatles	READY STEADY GO		29.95	EMI
5	2	Madonna	LIKE A VIRGIN		19.95	WEA
6	26	Queen	WE WILL ROCK YOU		49.95	POLY
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32	34	Tears For Fears	IN ASIA	*	39.95	POLY
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ALBUMS

EDITED BY EVAN GROVE

A Ratt in the cellar

RATT

Invasion Of Your Privacy
(WEA)

Occasionally Ratt comes perilously close to proving it's just another run-of-the-mill Los Angeles HM band. Yet the band has several things in its favour. Firstly its songs are brisk, tight four minute rock songs, secondly the band possesses abundant presence and most importantly doesn't succumb to the usual cliches that plague the HM genre.

There's no reliance on the sword and scorcery imagery so readily associated with HM, and thankfully Ratt doesn't come over with the tedious denim and leather glam metal sleaze of bands like Motley Crue and W.A.S.PO.

Last years debut album, *Out Of The Cellar*, and the 'Round And Round' single established the band in the premier HM league in the States. With the second album, Invasion Of Your Privacy, Ratt consolidate that position.

In Australia, however, that doesn't mean a lot; HM has not been a strong seller over the last few years. Bands like Iron Maiden, Motorhead and AC/DC still attract strong followings, nonetheless. And there are enough aficionados of the genre to pick up on Ratt and the newer bands.

Getting back to *Invasion*, once again with production by Beau Hill, this set exhibits a solid sound that gives the songs extra weight. The songs themselves are consistently good; from the crunching opener 'You're In Love', through 'Give It All', 'Closer To My Heart' and 'Between The Eyes' Ratt stride ahead in bold and confident style.

Guitarists Robin Crosby and Warren Di Martini this time around are playing with greater flexibility, working with each other rather than as seperate entities. The guitars are essentially the heart of the Ratt sound and they urge the rest of the band on.

Perhaps the weakest link in the Ratt make-up remains vocalist Stephen Pearcy. His vocals are not distinctive or powerful enough to be truely memorable. He is simply an adequate singer and instead of gaining the dizzy heights aimed for, has to settle for something less.

Which in Ratt's case, just may mean the difference between becoming an excellent band and remaining just a very good one.

IAN McFARLANE

Tapping the trends

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Crazy For You
(C.B.S.)

This will be a hit album. Reason? Madonna sings two songs. It will be a patchy, occasionally shallow elpee. Reason? Madonna sings two songs.

But seriously folks, the producers of the soundtrack *Crazy For You* have researched 1985's trends and fads perfectly and come up with the right blend of hot and cool, tough and tame, political and pragmatic. To be sure this ten track, high value disc has something for anyone, especially the 'with-its' — those who have already put Boy George into the history books and believe 'Frankie Goes To Hollywood' should go much further.

Let's dispense with that material girl first and then move onto the real stuff. Closing the disc is the sumptuous title piece, a sexy, even-time ballad that will have people saying in a year's time, 'why the hell did I ever find Madonna interesting?'

I suppose at the moment, with all the hype surrounding her, no-one can see the forest (a tedious, unimaginative one) for the trees, or at least the belly-buttons. Indeed, if the song 'Crazy For You' warrants criticism, her other donation to the soundtrack, a frisky, beat-flaunting track, deserves complete overlooking. Every home can do without it, every disco can find a million more appropriate tunes.

Three established songs add some rock credibility to this project. The much underacclaimed 'Lunatic Fringe' by Red Rider, the wart-nosed 'Hot Blooded' by Foreigner and the riotous political commentary 'Shout To The Top' by Style Council are quick-tempered heart-runners that endure trends and endow muscle to the musical moment.

Almost their equal is a new song from Don Henley, 'She's On The Zoom'. Henley has recently got into a comfortable, rock and roll, story telling groove, making teenage fantasies come to life against whipping guitars, easily recalled choruses and throaty, friendly vocals. So 'Zoom' works in a 'Boys Of Summer' meets the 'Sunset Grill' sort of way.

Briefly, other important commercial interludes on *Crazy* include Journey's typical rock ballad 'Only The Young' (a sure hit in U.S.A., a sure miss in Australia) and John Waite's 'Change', which is 'Missing You' with most of the desperation missing.

Whilst these sort of songs are unremarkable in themselves, they remain convenient vehicles for top-selling artists of this year to flaunt their fame. And as any producer with money in the bank will know, there's nothing crazy about trying to exploit such things.

— ROBERT VELLA

Low cloud for Weather Report

WEATHER REPORT

Sportin' Life
(CBS)

In its many line-up permutations over the past decade, jazz fusion combination Weather Report has existed primarily as a vehicle for its two constants — Zawinul and Wayne Shorter.

Winners of many awards, mainly in the States where they hand out awards and salutations like confetti, Weather Report have enjoyed a handsome reputation. Deservedly so, too, although their self-titled effort of two years back was a vague collection of musical notions poorly assembled.

Sportin' Life, with its appealing cover graphics, is a far more accessible disc. The fact that the title seems to bear no relationship to any of the tracks is incidental as the music takes over. There is a predominantly black feel about the album, strongly supported by the African lyric where vocals are used.

And the styles explored, although not ambitious for a group with Weather Report's reputation, do show a tendency toward simple ideas played sparsely. In that sense, fusion fans might be disappointed by the content, which occasionally leans dangerously close to mundane.

The pulsating tribal rhythms of some tracks contrast markedly with the limited percussion on others. Bassist Mino Cinelu is the only member to stretch out creatively, adding acoustic guitar and soft vocals to his own composition, "Confians".

Weather Report's more experimental nature is revealed on the second side, with jarring brass lines and Cinelu's rambling bass. Somehow the aimless meanderings of the bass and synthesisers gel against the distinctive — and remotely organised — brass riffs of Shorter.

I found this album listenable without being overwhelming. Perhaps Weather Report should look a little harder and its limited public appeal, obviously something being fostered if the extensive production work and cover art are anything to go by.

Weather Report: occasional sunny periods against a low cloud cover.

— STEPHEN WALDON

DREAM IS A YAWN

TANGERINE DREAM

Flashpoint
(EMI)

So the Dream continues to be one long yawn. Once, long ago, Tangerine Dream, in all its Euro-eclectic, electric splendour, represented the high-tech, beyond — 2000 link between riveting classical movements and blazing rock inventiveness. Today it hovers sluggishly like a pre-historic monster subsisting on the near-extinct diet of rock-symphonic days of future long passed.

That fact alone will make its latest vinyl effort, *Flashpoint* a dubious marketing proposition. To counter this, however, T.D has decided that instead of ten-minute, all-encompassing mini-symphonies, this album would be split into ten economy-size pieces. So at least the impatient amongst us will not be looking at his/her watch too often.

Still the style is the same as ever, even if the climax comes sooner. So it goes on jumpy, syntho-sonnets like 'Going West', 'Lost In The Dunes' and 'Highway Patrol' which march forth like a series of almost identical robots.

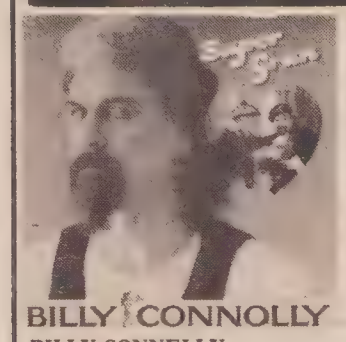
If the above works lack melodic opalescence and soulful intrigue, happily that commentary cannot be made of the spiritualistic 'Mad Cap Story' and the dirge-like 'Plane Ride'. Yet these tracks are not enough to save *Flashpoint* from a kamikaze-style disaster.

Over all *Flashpoint* is full of gimmicky-minded works that painfully camouflage flimsy riffs behind forests of heartless synthesisers and jungles of artless, mood-manipulating computers. If this is what Tangerine Dream is all about, I'd hate to welcome the nightmare.

— ROBERT VELLA

SINGLES

EDITED BY AL WEBB

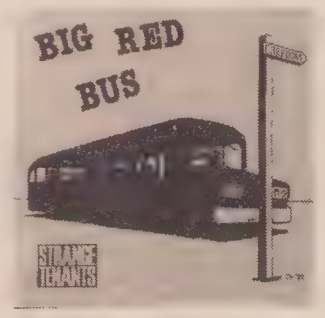


BILLY CONNELLY
Super Gran
(Stiff)
This little slap stick hunk of comedy rock 'n' roll's all about the world's most dynamic granny! Anyone interested? I wasn't either.

DREAM ACADEMY
Life In A Northern Town
(Warner Bros)
Like this one 'cos it's different. For several reasons. The lyric's got a point (in support of the working life, miners' style) and musically it's articulate and not easily categorisable (that's easy for you to say!). Already a dark horse on the charts as I write.

JOYCE BROS.
Reggae Cowboy
(JB Music)
A raw country-tinged rhythm and blues sound by an independent Melbourne guitar outfit. Solid use of brass and plenty of rocking energy ... with some salty (and amusing) lyrics helping it along. Tinsley Waterhouse gets a thank you on the back, so you know where they're coming from. Good taster for what are sure to be hot and sweaty live performances.

STRANGE TENANTS
Big Red Bus
(Bluebeat)
Funk meets reggae very smoothly in the hands of this prolific Melbourne group who run their own label. Good time music where character and charm overcome the lack of production polish.



STEPHEN CUMMINGS
What Am I Going To Do
(Regular)
A song used as part of the dance performance Steve has recently been involved with (not dancing, just the music). It's a nice bit of transplanted soul funk, produced by Alan Mansfield. Solid dance feel (little word play there) and overall very aestheticaly pleasing. Which is what it's all about.

JIMMY NAIL
Love Don't Live Here Anymore
(Virgin)
Choice of material drew me to this one. Originally a Rose Royce gem, Jimmy turns it into an atmospheric, and very classy updated version. In a word, slick! In two words, *very* slick! Good build to the final conclusion - which is that it lives up the next street.

ELECTRIC PANDAS
Missing Me
(Regular)
A slow to medium pacer already getting plenty of media exposure. Some good (real) lyrics help, but the ear catcher is the chorus, the female backing vocals giving it a great little lollipop touch that cleverly distracts from the otherwise conventional rock format.

FLASH AND THE PAN
Early Morning Wake Up Call
(Albert)
Long time no see. But here are Harry and George back with another curio to paste into their odd little collection of Flash And The Pan releases. The feel of this one's very snappy, very catchy. The star of the show, really, moreso even than the below par vocals.

STEPHEN TINTIN DUFFY
Icing On The Cake
(Virgin)
Thought his last, "Kiss Me", would do better than it did. Basically, he's a bubblegum version of the Thompson Twins, Tears For Fears, etc., using modern technology very cleverly and articulately to end up sounding bouncey, cute, and extremely danceable. Bound to break through eventually, possibly with this one.

THE UNSTRUNG HARP
Sticks And Stones
(Rampant)
Reminds me of the once-were Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls, especially in the lead vocal dept. But this independent local group has it's own character, using lots of brass to fill out andmake more of their fairly elemental pop. Of passing interest to indie buffs.

ALBUMS

EDITED BY EVAN GROVE

GEORGE DUKE

Thief In The Night
(W.E.A.)

No princely instrumental gimmicks from this Duke. To be sure, George Duke knows he can pound the ivories as well as any popular musician — computerised keyboards, electrified ones, rag-time or even classical ones not withstanding. Hence, on his quality-controlled, yet soulfully-understated new album *Thief In The Night*, he ensures that such talents are not submerged behind mere sweet riffs.

Indeed, one may note with less than glee that on purposeful works like 'Love Mission' and the title piece, Duke follows the lines of least resistance. Funky, lush and be-spattered by the apologetic-styled vocals that made the likes of George Benson turn into a love-dazed wimp, these tracks are as laid-back and imaginatively-thin as any musical wallpaper.

Only those bright twinkles of the keyboard are stored in the grey-matter for pleasure's later consumption. Melody wise they are far from wise.

More jazzy-disco of the most genteel persuasion is offered with 'Remembering The Sixties' (if only he would) and the less than sticky 'Jam'. In the production sense, they are right up there with anything this digital-mad, compact-crazy world can deliver.

Emotionally, they vie with robots and Apple computers for gut-wrenching enthusiasm. So clinical, you can almost smell the antiseptic wafting from the guitar strings.

If one is to find some sunlight peeking through the electric clouds, it comes on the first track of both sides of 'Thief'. On side one, the spring-heeled 'I Surrender', a fiesta of bass guitar and tenor vocals (a la Doobies) provides a good chance for singles' success.

Side two debuts with another possible 45rpm hit, the dizzy, repetitive 'Ride'. Yet even these pieces, as commercially well-to-do as they are, do not get the heart beating faster. They do it a proven, over-pounded formula.

— ROBERT VELLA

JIMMY BUFFET

Last Mango In Paris
(M.C.A.)

That enduring, endearing yobbo, Jimmy Buffett has done it to us again. Holiday rhythms, self-depreciating lyrics and folksy instrumentation make his new elpee *Last Mango In Paris* a must for those jaded rock fans who are once again seeking out 'changes in attitudes, changes in latitudes.'

Indeed, like that landmark album of the late seventies, this new disc smirks at rock's seriousness, yet simultaneously bows patriotically at all that's best about it. The opening track, 'Everybody's On The Run,' conceived out of Buffet's frustrations in talking more to answering machines than people is typical. It has a disarming melodic swing to it, only out done by its vigorous lyrical left hook. Brilliant stuff.

That seemingly incompatible marriage between cryptic words and calypso serenading continues to give birth to sweet sugar babies as the laid back, saloon-slanted 'Frank And Lola,' the hillbilly paced 'Gypsies In The Palace' and the shuffling 'Desperation Samba' prove. Only Ry Cooder could involve as many different facets of pop into the one song, let alone the one album.

So a bit of everything and a lot of spunk mark the rest of 'Mango'. Eat to the beat of "Jolly Mon Sing' or the slow flowing melody of 'Beyond The End' (one of this year's finest ballads) and 'If The Phone Doesn't Ring' and you'll never want to listen to rock's conformists again.

Buffett has always been a musical rebel with only fine music and a stinging message as his cause. Sometimes the cause has been won, sometimes lost.

— ROBERT VELLA

Hit 'em with the old Peabo

PEABO BRYSON

Take No Prisoners
(W.E.A.)

When all else in love fails, hit 'em with the old Peabo. Indeed Mr Bryson is such an eloquent spokesman for romance, that when he begins to croon one of his officious, aphrodesiac-scented ballads, you either start thinking love or start thinking ear-plugs. The guy offers no in between.

On the new album *Take No Prisoners*, he also offers few moment likely to be etched in your long-term memory compartment. It is an album, that taken as a whole, is akin to a dreamy, escapist day at the movies where trashy, yet transiently enjoyable films from the schmaltzy thirties are on show. Leave the theatre and return to the giddy, eye-sore colours of the real world and all the fantasies are soon forgotten.

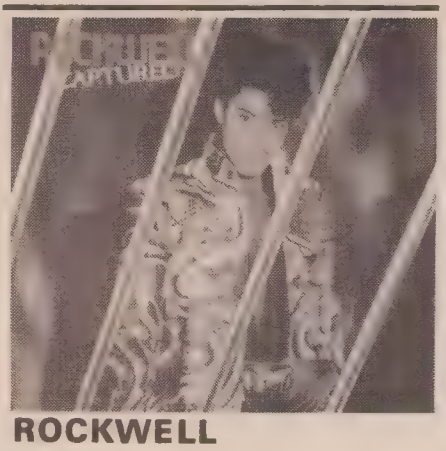
The title track, despite all its fancy, funky attire, remains a piece of soft rock fluff, clinging most tenaciously to those heading towards the dance floor. Perhaps the song is new, the chat-up tactics are older than love itself.

Its chuggling pace, a rarity for the usually tortoise-toed Bryson, is maintained on the more vocally assertive, yet shallow 'There's Nothing Out There'. Years ago, the Motown marauders would have taken a riff like this, baked it in a hellish bass dish and marinated it with soulful harmonies. Peabo prefers to shuffle away 'softly, softly', providing a mere, mellow entree to all the genteel rocking to follow.

And the best of what is to follow is contained on a couple of Cynthia Weil scripted tracks. First there's the blandly titled 'Love Always Finds A Way', where optimism is only matched in intensity by smothering keyboards and sexy vocal inflections. If that doesn't fill your nights quota of 'kiss and tell', Weil's other effort 'She's Over Me' surely will.

Almost identical in its specifications to 'Love Always Finds A Way', it gives the listener the added bonus of treacly strings. It closed a disc that will indeed make prisoners of those that are blind or imaginatively-deaf. For the rest of us, freedom is merely an off-switch away.

— ROBERT VELLA



ROCKWELL

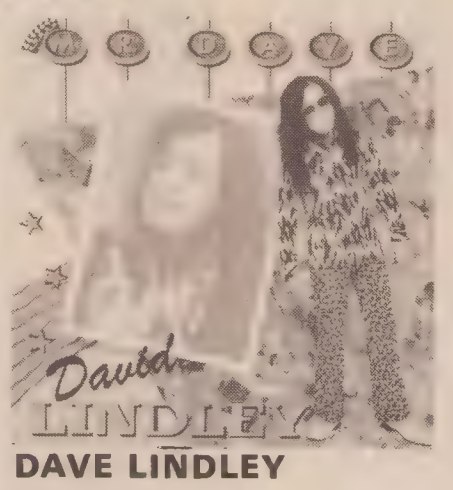
Captured
(RCA)

Despite a similar lean and hungry facial expression, Rockwell does not possess the funky innovative flair and capacity to turn rock and roll beat into alluring sexual innuendo of a Prince. And despite travelling along parallel harmony lines to Michael Jackson, Rockwell also does not possess Jacko's grasp of melody.

Yet for all that Rockwell lacks, his latest album *Captured* makes for some remarkably enjoyable listening — on and off. The title piece, with an engrossing display of horn muscle and a foot-loose rhythm that wants to body-rock all night wins the boogie award amongst this set. Nevertheless, it is only a short half drumstick ahead of the Latin fizz of 'Costa Rica', an absolute mardi gras of instrumental party devices. These two tracks alone make this album a must amongst those break-dancers who need a new excuse to put cranium to concrete.

It's from the samba to the sombre as the observant 'We Live In A Jungle', a heavy-beat, galloping rhythm track takes over. Perhaps the lyrics are too simplistic and the synthesiser too simple, but in a hypnotic, don't-worry-about-the-mental-decay fashion, the song eventually wins over the listener. Despite the above moments of quality, *Captured* remains a patchy affair. Rockwell, perhaps because his dancey music is continually aimed at the feet, eventually becomes pedestrian.

— ROBERT VELLA



DAVE LINDLEY

Mr Dave
(W.E.A.)

Take the tongue-in-cheek flair of Jimmy Buffet, the good-natured guitar clowning of Joe Walsh and the sly turn of emodic phrase of Randy Newman and set the whole damn fling down on the farm and you're likely to have one Dave Lindley as your soul companion. Previously acknowledged as a songwriter, he proves on the ultra-entertaining *Mr Dave* he is just as much at home behind the microphone as behind the pen.

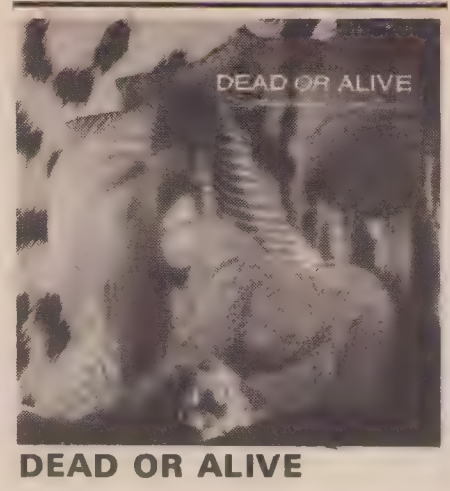
The superb set opens with the hair-down, beat-up 'Pretty Girls Rule The World'. If this one doesn't get your feet tapping then you obviously didn't read the 'wet cement' sign before you walked into it. Of a similar jumpy character is the tritely titled, but innovatively styled 'Hearts On Fire'. Just a hint of hillbilly in the rhythm but a load of city smartness in the forging percussion and steely guitar work makes this a must for the party, as well as the punkster's barn dance night.

As winning as the above tracks are however, they must tip their drumsticks to the gorgeous ballad 'Truly Do'. Laid back and gently swaying like a hammock caught in the summer breeze, 'Do' possesses a rapturous melody worth close to the album's price all on its ownsome. Lindley also proves here, that for a songwriter and guitarist, he is a more than adequate reader of a love song.

So Lindley continues to link farm-side rhythms to uptown instrumental accessories on hustling works like 'Hands Like A Man' and 'Alien Invasion'. Then, just when you think he's about to o.d. on tempo, he quietens things up with luxuriant ballads like 'Follow Your Heart' and 'Hurt So Bad'.

The overall effect is an album of hot and cold tempos that averages out to a very cool and refreshing forty-five minutes.

— ROBERT VELLA



DEAD OR ALIVE

Sophsiticated Boom Boom
(C.B.S.)

Don't tell me that the immaturity on Dead Or Alive's recent album *Youthquake* could be surpassed. That's very likely now that this glam-cum-sham band's first album *Sophisticated Boom Boom* has been re-released.

Recorded a good year before the over-electrified antics of *Youthquake*, it possesses that album's same distressing flaws yet lacks *Quake*'s redeeming commercial opportunism. To be sure, only two or three of *Boom Boom*'s melodies catch the ear and perhaps only one gets a free passage to eternal memory.

Opening the set is the chanting, syntho-this, syntho-that piece 'I'd Do Anything'. For starters, the lead vocals are atrociously dispassionate, the chorus-line crudely over-repetitive. Only the well-balanced production work keeps the track within disco's not too selective limits.

The one and only memorable track, 'That's The Way I Like It' follows. Not coincidentally, the song is not written by Dead Or Alive. It's rhythmic crescendos and frank, fierce drumwork makes it worthy top forty fodder. Pity the band did not seek out other composer's songs more readily.

Hence the quality recedes more dramatically than Phil Collins' hairline as the clicky, one-speed 'Absolutely Nothing' and 'Sit On It' do their over-the-top routine.

Finally, the monster mash 'Wish You Were Here' provides one of the few accesses to commercial bliss for *Boom Boom*. A tune with more depth, a harmony play with more dimensions, a dance tune with more beat alternatives, it wraps up a dull disc that proves no matter how loud and electrified you do it, it ain't nothing at all when the original material is poor or the embroiderers lack class.

— ROBERT VELLA

VIDEO EXTRA

This film is just a knockout!

THE KARATE KID

Starring Ralph Maccio, Noriyuki 'Pat' Morita
(RCA Columbia Hoyts)

Cynics have stuck a *Rocky* label on the film, *The Karate Kid* and while it certainly is similar in several ways, in its construction, this does not diminish its entertainment value one iota.

The film tells of Daniel's (Maccio) transformation from the punching bag of the bullies to their fighting equal. This feat is accomplished through the personal tutorage of Mr. Miyagi (Morita).

When Daniel and his mother move to California from New Jersey, both are faced with carving new lives. Daniel's task is next to impossible, given the fact that a gang of teenage thugs known as the Cobras figure his head and body make perfect target practice.

Miyagi saves Daniel from a beating and the two become friends. Miyagi agrees to teach the boy karate in order for him to compete in the annual tournament against the Cobras.

Naturally, good triumphs over evil. The method of training for Daniel is both unconventional and amusing; in fact, the dominant strength of this movie is its humour. There are more laughs here than in a lot of so-called comedies.

Ralph Maccio, whose previous credits include *The Outsiders* is superb as Daniel, a role he will recreate for the sequel, which is presently in production.

His character is cocky and brash, yet insecure at the same time, the archetyal teenager struggling for an identity.

The real star of the film is Noriyuki 'Pat' Morita. His performance as Miyagi is stunning. He might have missed an Oscar for this part, but not the admiration of all those people who've seen The Karate Kid. Ironically, the producers didn't want to consider him for the part at first!

***The Karate Kid* rates as one of this year's best video releases. — KEVIN HILLIER.**

Released this week

Kid Creole & The Coconuts: **In Place Of Women And Others**
Leader Of The Pack: **Greatest Hits**
Original Soundtrack: **Back To The Future**
Mink De Ville: **Sporting Life**
The Club: **The Club**
Alex Chilton: **Document**
King Sunny Ade: **Modupe**
Del Lords: **Frontier Days**
Sir Douglas Quintet: **Rio Dedine**
Roy Harper: **Born In Captivity** (re-release)
English Dogs: **Ford Into Battle**
Gas Rattle: **Art Shit**
Hotspur: **Hotspur**
Pretty Things: **Let's Hear The Choir sing — B Sides**
Dion: **Kingdom On The Street**
Original Soundtrack: **Cocoon**
Level 42: **Physical Reference**
Stuart D'Aruetta: **Side-effects**
Spyro Gyra: **Alternating Currents**
Original Soundtrack: **More Armadeus**
Bob Dylan: **Highway 61 Revisited** (re-release)
Bob Dylan: **Slow Train Coming** (re-release)
Bob Dylan: **Hard Rain** (re-release)
Paul Simon: **Greatest Hits** (re-release)
ELO: **Discovery** (re-release)
Ozzy Osbourne: **Blizzards Of Ozz** (re-release)
Neil Diamond: **You Don't Bring Me Flowers**
Meatloaf: **Dead Ringer** (re-release)
Bruce Springsteen: **The Wild & Innocent E Street Shuffle** (re-release)
Bruce Springsteen: **Greetings From Aysbury Park NJ** (re-release)

BLASTER CHARGE

All aboard THE BLASTERS' American express, enroute to the heartland of rock'n roll, '85 style. "That'll do nicely," exclaims an impressed Jack Barron

In the china shop of glittering and glimmering prizes which displays the wares of current neo-American music, The Blasters are a replica of a Ming vase, one which nonetheless has its own inherent beauty. Throw a rock and roll at the pot and watch it get smashed into fragments of the past . . .

They're another group making history serve the present and, in the able hands of this LA-spawned quintet, the shards of The United States' sonic heritage — blues, country, rockabilly and gospel — have been honed to a lethal edge which allows The Blasters to cut away the thick and sick skin of American society.

What squirms underneath is more or less what you would expect. Racism, political hypocrisy, corporate madness and alienation are all highlighted in the lyrics, but the manner in which the group execute this is celebratory in feel.

The Blasters *are* are about rock and roll as a healing force, music as an instrument of pride and identity. In this, they have a lot in common with Springsteen and Fogerty as well as Green On Red, The Del Fuegos and any of the younger bands you might care to pick out of the US crop.

The Blasters *are* about rock and roll as a and despite being a galvanising force in the LA scene for over half a decade, commercial success has evaded them.

Now though, with the release of their fourth and most accomplished album, *Hard Lines*, the fat of fame could soon be roasting in The Blasters' guitar furnace.

The Alvin brothers, Dave and Phil, the guitarist-songwriter and vocalist respectively, are the acknowledged catalysts of the outfit. Like the rhythm section, drummer Bill Bateman and bassist John Bazz, the pair grew up in a suburb of LA called Downey.

"I guess we had pretty much of a normal childhood outside of the fact that our father was a union organiser," husks the guitarist. Dave is tall, has piercing blue eyes, a pompadour and an instinctive intelligence for saying things directly, unlike his brother.

"He worked with the American Steelworkers Union, which in the Western States meant mostly mining. So when we were like little kids he used to take us for two or three week stretches out to the southwest where he was organising. We'd visit like Indian reservations and small mining towns which now are either ghost towns or full of Yuppies and skiers.

"I can remember him getting into fights with anti-union people on several occasions. My political perceptions were obviously partly shaped by such experiences."

In the locality of Downey, the eventual members of The Blasters were getting to meet each other at high school. Popping in and out of each others' houses, they cemented social contacts with an interest in the blues. Phil the singer, who is incidentally a professor of mathematics and taught at Long Beach State University, was the hippest at turning people on to various idioms of music, according to John. "He was manic in enthusiasm and he still knows more about music than the rest of us."

Inevitably, a passive love for records gave way to an active desire to make a noise and prior to The Blasters taking shape there were many permutations of bands. Bill Bateman alone performed in something like 26 different outfits including Crowfoot, the Everly Brothers' backing unit, and an "acid rock band named Horatio Kleat. They were wild."

Being a singer, Phil Alvin had a lot of people calling for his services — among them Delta Pacific and The Nightshift. During the process he met pianist Gene Taylor who had learned boogie-woogie's complexities from some Okie neighbours. The latter went on to join Canned Heat in the mid-Seventies "during their downhill period, but it got me around the world and taught me a lot," he says with a voice like a dirty bar-room floor. The portly, bald, goateed musician was out on a solo career when The Blasters roped him in.

And *that* occurred when the purging fire of punk sneered down the television sets of America on a show named Weekend. The archangel in question was Johnny Rotten.

"I had a beard and was living with a girl in Long Beach, working as a cook and thinking that life was pretty much over when I saw The Sex Pistols on the show," recalls Dave.

"It was the first time anybody in America had really heard of punk rock. So the next day I went out and shaved my hair and beard.

"The scene swiftly developed in LA with bands like X, The Bags, The Plugz and The Germs and we all started going to these shows. At the same time as enjoying that I realised that, because of our background in R 'n' B and country,it would be silly for us to do the same music as the English punk bands. That would be as false as doing a song about picking cotton.

"What punk led me to understand was the power that The Clash had in the early days — the Pistols as well — was they couldn't give two hoots about America. Their main influence may have been Eddie Cochran but the thrust was to sound English and sing about things relevant to themselves."

Dave axed a nascent group called The Murderers and The Blasters resurfaced as characters now linked by a different sort of *attitude*. Bill was rescued from life as a draughtsman, Phil from teaching maths, and shortly afterwards John was recruited.

A succession of gigs in biker and country bars followed. "People would say they liked our music because it was white," groans Dave of the redneck audiences. "How far off the beam can you get?"

This was late 1979. An album named *American Music* was cut for Ronny Weiser's Rollin' Rock Records, though it wasn't until the perceptive Slash company picked up on the band and distributed an eponymously titled elpee that the wider public got access.

By then *the* New Orleans sax king, Lee Allen, was contributing to The Blasters. Dave meanwhile was occasionally adding guitar to Chris Dee's Flesheaters. And so it goes . . .

Realism

The vinyl evolution of The Blasters is one of increasing song complexity and lyrical realism as the monicker of their last album, 'Non Fiction', graphically captured. On 'Hard Line' the textures are lusher than before: Presley's backing vocalists The Jordanaires ooze honey throats, the odd Los Lobos member fiddles or adds accordion. Altogether the tunes are more varied. On top of this, Dave has collaborated with John of X and John Cougar Mellencamp to come up with a set of fine compositions.

It was high time to put a series of puzzles to the guitarist. You've said you saw no point in imitating English punk, I ventured. But isn't there a chance that yourself, Los Lobos and The Replacements might stagnate because of the traditional music structures you use?

"It can happen real easily," concedes the Blaster, "it's a real fine line. If I was in a band which was content to do Slim Harpo covers, then yeah. In the States it's more to do with recapturing an attitude and idealism as opposed to a pose or sound. A medieval consort band, for example, wants to play in exactly the same style as 1350 or whatever. We aren't like that.

"I think we are trying to make contemporary music. Muddy Waters sounded like Son House when he started out, so it's not a new problem. You have to represent your life and times. It's that which keeps it from being a museum piece.

There's a host of bands in a loosely linked movement of attitude in the States. Why do you think they have all come to the fore now, though many have been around for a long time?

"Hmmm,that's difficult to answer simply," comments Dave. "Some music critics are actually afraid of all these bands because they think it's an offspin of Ronald Reagan being president, hence lots of trad bands. Funnily enough the only bands I know of who have done Republican fund-raising are The Dickies and The Circle Jerks, both punks.

"What Los Lobos and ourselves are trying to present is the real America. We're getting killed, paved over and destroyed in America and this is almost like a last gasp.

"At the same time it's also a search for roots, a definition of who the f..k we are and where we stand. Nothing against those electro-pop groups, but if you let that stuff wash over you too much it's almost like you become a new office building: faceless.

"To me music is like the Woodie Guthrie thing: music is a matter of communication. I like to write lyrics where two plus two equals four. It's not so much simple as direct . . ."

In a radio interview you characterised all the new American bands as searching for a lost idealism. Can you expand on that?

Dave: "I might be making it too grandiose but in the States everything is very corporate. They've torn down most of the United States and put up shopping malls. Not to sound nuts or anything, but I think architecture and the way people live has to do with the way they think . . .

"Ever since the end of the Sixties, and all the catch-phrases and catch-feelings that the Sixties produced, there was nothing that ever replaced that. There was no Kennedy or Roosevelt to replace the emptiness in the American psyche.

"Outside of the American Constitution, America has only one worthwile thing and that's its folk musics. In the States there is a real loss of identity thoughtwise. People live in little cubicles, go to work, do their drugs, fall asleep and then do it again."

I thought that was exactly what Ronald Reagan had supplied, a sense of identity?

Dave: "That's exactly it. The one thing about the States is people like simple answers and American Presidents always supply simple answers. The difference is Reagan himself believes them too, and that's scary. Everybody is happy as long as the paycheque keeps coming in."

There's a real macho rock side to your live show. The legs splayed, hip thrusting guitar solos, the whole bit, isn't there?

Dave: "Hey, that's me you're talking about, so wait a second! Our bass player just stands there. Does this mean he is feminine? Do you think it's posturing?"

Mmmmm, possibly.

Dave: "Ah well, I give up, you got me, okay? But really I don't think so. It's just the way I dance on stage. My mother was a frigging dancer, a chorus girl who wanted to be a big Hollywood star. Maybe that's where I get it."

You've talked at length about various American bands being against Reaganism and corporation America. Does this go any further than rhetoric?

Dave: "Well I don't know, that's a rough question. In the States money gets things done. One of the reasons I'm happy with the success of Bruce Springsteen is every city he goes to in the States he creams off 10,000 dollars for an unemployment fund.

"It isn't rhetoric in the same terms as The Clash, though I do love The Clash. Let me put it this way: if you put out a song like 'Common Man' in America, to me that's backing up your rhetoric because it's unhealthy for your career. Maybe it's fashionable to spout ideals here, in the States it isn't.

"As yet I haven't found a grouping I want to belong to. I'm not partial to communism or right wing extremism. So what can you do to back up rhetoric? Well, I don't know, that's a *good* question."

On that note, more or less, Dave departed and was replaced in front of my tape machine by his brother Phil, the maths boffin cum singer whose mind leaps in hyperactive bounds of thought.

Dave writes the songs. Do you ever get frustrated by having to sing other people's work, Phil?

"No, not at all," denies the vocalist. "Singer songwriters are a relatively new phenomenon and in fact it's rarely true that the art of songwriting synchronises with the art of singing. Those functions occur in completely separate parts of the brain for a start . . . Who would ask Pavarotti who the f... wrote the songs he sings? Elvis didn't write songs . . . "

The singer is a collector of Chinese porcelain. Just prior to our interview, he managed to purchase an ancient replica of a Ming vase at a snip. That's why he's excited.

"It's difficult for me to tell whether the imitations themselves are forgeries at this point. But if they *are* forgeries I can say with some authority that they are forgeries of the highest quality."

One could say exactly the same thing about The Blasters.

ON STAGE

• AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
PIC: ROBERT McDONALD

Australian Crawl/ The Motels/ Paul Kelly

Venue: Festival Hall, Brisbane

Although sound problems marred the first of two shows in Brisbane, Australian Crawl nevertheless made a fine showing, introducing the new club sound that kept the punters enthralled throughout.

If *A Rock And A Hard Place* was a swing away from what we'd normally expect from the band, then the line up which shuffled onto the stage was an eye-opener — aside from the sartorially splendid James Reyne ("looking more like Greg Evans from *Perfect Match* than a pop star," commented the *Courier Mail* with great irrelevance), Brad Robertson spent most of his time behind the keyboards, the three-man horn section and backing vocalists filled out the sound considerably, and there was also the added bonus of a rhythm section which could swing rather than merely thud.

There was a threat, of course, that it could all have been a facade, all form and no substance, all glitter with no serve. The first night's sound problems did give a full but formless result — a bombardment of guitars, bass, keyboards, horns, voices — but thankfully it didn't continue that way, once the problems were ironed out.

Sparkling out with "Beautiful People," a rendition which they performed with a splendid sense of irony and distance, Reyne then worked tirelessly to put distance between stage and audience. I've never really been a Crawl fan, offput by the smug lethargy of old, but this was quite a surprise.

The newer songs like "You Told Me", "Trouble Spot Rock", "Do It" and particularly "Two Can Play" were played with structure and instrumental dominance, changing dynamics and interjecting drama (Reyne's songs still extol the goosebump joy and teethgrinding frustration of the human drama, with a flair that's very much his own). The newies seemed to have been as wildly received as the familiar fare like "Things Don't Seem", "La Caliusa" and even "Boys Light Up', where the use of horns saw them revert to the original rendition of the song on their debut elpee.

The poignant moment was when Reyne stepped up to the microphone. "This is a song that used to be sung by Guy. I hope we do it justice." As the screams almost swallowed up "Errol" one could not help but be struck by the bravery of the step — who else would accept the mantle of singing somebody else's song (particularly one's late best mate) and suffer the inevitable comparisons?

And even if some of the newer material might need a bit more patience to get into, the faithful weren't being too discerning. Crawl had them going right until their bow-out with their cover of "Louie, Louie".

The Motels, bursting forth in a blaze of lights and smoke, were everything that their new LP promised them to be. Their new found fluidity made its presence felt, colouring the old guitar pop with new shades as the bite of "Shame" and "New York Times" set the scene, while "State Of The Heart" proved a particularly impressive blend of melody and muscle.

While the lead guitarist proved himself quiet adept, Martha Davis played up to the crowd, falling on the ground, and holding her microphone up to the saxplayer as he took a solo on "Total Control". Needless to say, in terms of crowd response, the aces in the pack were the hit singles like "Control", "Take The 'L' Out Of Lover" and "Only The Lonely".

Paul Kelly was the surprise of the show, not because he turned in such a tight punchy set, but because he did a set of largely unfamiliar material from *Post* and still gained the attention and admiration of the crowd.

The recent review of an Adelaide gig in *Juke* summed up Kelly's onstage appeal for us not to go into it here, but Kelly certainly made some new friends this night.

Altogether, despite some technical problems, the combined bill of three splendid acts was a bargain at $21 a throw. —

PETER MULHOLLAND

Jimmy Barnes/ Swanee/ Dekadance

Venue: The Venue, Melbourne

Those punters who trip on power chord mania and rock'n'roll songs about rock and roll were packed at the Venue the night the Bahgwan Brothers Of Party Rock appeared together.

It had been a logical step for the two to take, yet it had taken this long for Barnes and Swan to play duet. Result: packed houses from Tasmania to Adelaide to Melbourne.

Dekadance have come a long way from the South Yarra clubs. Even if the multitudes moved not a muscle during their set, Dekadance lived up to their name as a dance machine which, with varying style and professional flair, delivered their music succinctly and successfully.

Their cover of "In Your Life" was delivered with such passion; as a matter of fact, they played with a refreshing desperation disparate from the secure musical niche the two other big names worked within.

Swanee have of course, never been a band that boasted an expanded repertoire or experimental approach. Why not? Swan's gruff blues howl has also given him a definite idea of what he wants, and the set which harked back to the blues-power chord era proved it.

Through "What's Your Name" and an extended rendition of "Sweet Home Alabama" (which allowed his two guitarists to strut their stuff), the performance remains tough and convincing.

Three backup vocalists added to the dynamics as Swan blasted his way through Bruce's "Born To Run" and the inevitable medley of rock'n'roll classics like "Blue Suede Shoes", "Tutti Frutti" and "Jailhouse Rock", which brought to an end Swan's energetic if narrow-perimetered set.

During the break, I wandered around the Ballroom area trying to gauge what other punters thought of the post-Chisel Barnes.

Not surprisingly, "awww, really grouse" was the common response. Some were of the opinion that the man was "the same as Chisel". One particularly articulate pundit stated that Mistah Barnes was "in a class of his own — he WAS Cold Chisel."

Dressed in red satin, Barnes and cohorts burst onto the stage with a frenzy that they maintained through to the end. Certainly, Barnes' onstage

• JIMMY BARNES
• Pic: Tony Mott

characteristics with Chisel are very much with us now — impatient stamping of foot, the swigging from bottle. As ever, arrogant aggression and with confident smiles they attacked their songs, the two guitarists' fingers virtually a blue in their speed.

During "Thickskinned", they trotted out a mandolin. I'm sure it sounded good; however, I could not hear it from where I stood.

The power of Barnes' continued appeal is of course, he instinctively understands his audience and knows what they want: to a sea of wildly flapping arms, he pulled out "No Second Prize" and selections of old and new material which was powerful at best, pedestrian at worst.

To finish, Swan returned to the stage, and the two brothers grabbed hold of "Great Balls Of Fire" and worried it mercilessly. Their two vocals not only complement, but there's always a thrill in hearing classic rock and roll voices at work.

It was the sort of good night where you wouldn't want to mind temporary loss of hearing.

— SIMON NJOO

EDWIN STARR

Venue: Hippodrome, London

Many a true word is indeed spoken in jest. For instance, when your humble reviewer jokily confided to his friend Sharon how he dreamt of being part of a big soul act, her ever-hopeful reply was, You never know your luck.

But you were sound as a pound Shaz, for at the swanky Hippodrome, your itinerant reporter made a proper fool of himself. For he performed a rather unrhythmic can-can to the apt 'H.A.P.P.Y.' alongside Gary 'Captain Beaky' Crowley while Edwin Starr sang on the same stage! Bizarre circumstances, without a doubt.

It was exhilarating to see the man back with such strength and purpose. For a few years certain people thought he'd swallowed it.

But shooting Starr's never flop, even when they miss the top, hence the Frankies giving him the resurrection shuffle with 'War'.

Now, the first signing on Hippodrome records (the club's label), Starr showed he could do the necessary. He gritted and ground his way through the whispered sweet somethings of 'Eye To Eye Contact', 'S.O.S.' and the bubbly chartbound single of 'It Ain't Fair' — a song to make you walk through the fire for a loved one.

He may have grown old a little disgracefully — weightwise it looks like he's been putting mayonnaise on aspirins — but when this man unwraps his lips in tremors of excitement, you know he could French kiss a moose!

His finest, most revealing moment was when the buoyant backing tapes went off — for a purely vocal raw exhortation of a long jukebox gold soul medley. "This is REAL soul" — he enthused as he lifted the audience up into a sweaty, sticky fervour with his gospel hue and cry.

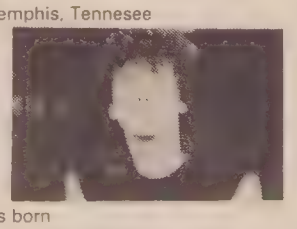
As someone says in 'Guys And Dolls' — even when the heat is on, it's never too hot!

— TERRY MALLOY

Milestones

August 19
1939 Ginger Baker is born in London
1940 Johnny Nash is born in Houston, Texas
1943 Billy J Kramer is born in Lancashire
1945 Ian Gillan is born in Middlesex
1951 John Deacon of Queen is born in Leicester
1972 David Bowie finishes his Ziggy Stardust tour of Britain at the Rainbow Theatre, London.

August 20
1924 Jim Reeves is born in Texas
1943 Isaac Hayes is born in Memphis, Tennesee



1947 Robert Plant is born in Birmingham

1951 Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy is born
1965 The Rolling Stones release 'Satisfaction' in Britain, four months after it came out in USA
1977 The Tom Robinson Band sign to EMI Records
1980 John and Yoko Ono Lennon record the *Double Fantasy* album

August 21
1906 Jazz musician Count Basie is born
1952 Joe Strummer of The Clash is born
1957 Budgie of Siouxsie And The Banshees is born
1980 Linda Ronstandt opens in the Pirates of Penzance on Broadway
1980 *'Breaking Glass'*, the movie that introduces the world to Hazel O'Connor's teeth, opens in London

August 22
1917 Bluesman John Lee Hooker is born in Missouri
1938 Dale Hawkins is born in Louisiana
1945 Ron Dante, lead singer of The Archies is born
1956 Elvis Presley starts work on the film *Love Me Tender* in Hollywood
1969 Elvis Presley makes his first public appearance since 1961 when he starts a series of shows at the International Hotel, Las Vegas
1978 Joy Division releases its first EP, *Ideal For Living*

August 23
1946 Keith Moon is born in Wembley, London
1949 Rick Springfield is born in Guildford, New South Wales
1960 Edwyn Collins of Orange Juice is born in Edinburgh
1962 John Lennon marries Cynthia Powell at Liverpool's Mount Pleasant Registry Office
1963 The Beatles release 'She Loves You'
1970 Lou Reed plays his last show with the Velvet Underground
1978 Jet Black, a Strangler, is fined $50 for a breach of peace in Glasgow
1980 David Bowie's 'Ashes To Ashes' becomes his first UK number one single since the re-issued 'Space Oddity' in 1975

August 24
1938 Mason Williams, player and writer of 'Classical Gas' is born in Texas
1942 Fontella Bass is born in Missouri
1945 Ken Hensley of Uriah Heep is born
1948 Jean Michel Jarre is born
1961 Mark 'Bedders' Bedford of Madness is born in North London
1965 The Rolling Stones meet Allen Klein for the first time in London's Hilton Hotel within days he takes over the Stones' financial affairs

August 25
1918 Lyricist Leonard Bernstein is born
1933 Wayne Shorter of Weather Report is born in New Jersey
1949 Gene Simmons is born in New York
1970 Elton John makes his live debut in the USA at the Troubador in Los Angeles
1979 Gary Numan releases his 'Cars' single

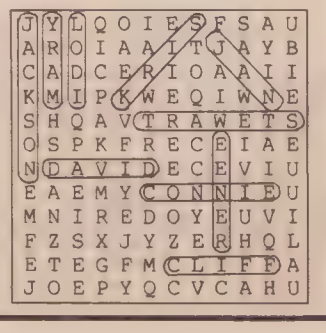
Rockwords

M	J	X	D	O	K	R	A	E	A	E	T
Q	I	L	J	L	H	E	S	A	C	E	P
G	M	E	U	U	A	M	Q	I	N	X	E
S	M	G	G	I	Y	O	R	E	E	T	T
T	Y	I	F	R	E	E	D	A	A	S	E
E	T	N	L	C	E	F	G	V	M	E	Z
V	Y	R	A	N	D	R	E	W	T	B	Y
E	A	R	D	O	L	I	D	R	E	O	I
N	G	E	E	V	L	C	Q	X	C	F	I
O	F	J	Q	O	W	E	I	K	M	O	K
J	E	E	K	U	T	V	E	E	B	L	E
N	W	G	B	U	E	E	M	A	C	K	P

The clues below are for words hidden in this week's Rockwords. The first three readers to complete the maze and return it to Juke (Box 628E, Melbourne, 3000) will win a three month subscription to Juke.

1. (First name) Jones. She recently turned down offer to play female lead in "A-Team".
2. (First name) Barnes. Ex Cold Chisel singer who has signed with the Geffen label.
3. Jon (Surname). Australian star who started national tour and released his single "Emotion" last week.
4. (First name) Farriss. INXS piano player.
5. (First name) Kearney. Last week's Celebrity Curio.
6. (First name) Faulkner. Bay City Rollers' member.
7. Roy (Surname). Culture Club guitarist.
8. Pete (Surname). Beatles' drummer who was replaced by Ringo Starr.
9. (First name) Griggs. Split Enz star who was born on August 18th, 1949.
10. Lonnie (Surname). Guitarist who is making a comeback with album called *Strike Like Lightnin'*.

Last week's answers:
Cliff
Connie
David
Idol
Jackson
Jan
Kris
Mary
Renee
Stewart



The Cuckoos/ Echo Eleven

Venue: Piccadilly Hotel, Sydney

You're always assured of something different at the Piccadilly — innovative, dull, bland or invigorating, the bands on the way up, virtually out in the darkness, have something to say and a chance to say it.

The Cuckoos have been plugging away quietly in their corner for some time; I like what I hear every time I see them. They've refined an iron'n'steel modern dance, which at times builds up to some kind of delirious celebration.

Starting off brightly enough with "Don't Run Away", they ran smack-dab into problems on the third song when one of the valves in the bassplayer's amps — coincidentally on "Lightning Strikes Twice", I kid you not! — blew up, and the amp momentarily caught fire.

Barely flustered, they returned to the stage moments later and powered into "Dancing On Doomsday", a deliberately intensive sound which allows the singer to stretch his vocals to evoke some kind of atmosphere.

While they are well-stocked with catchy melodies, The Cuckoos are not without problems. A bit more variety in the rhythms wouldn't go astray; and though crisply executed, the instrumental backing at times becomes a bit heavy-handed. There are moments where they exhilirate, there are also moments where they fail to challenge or charm. Am I expecting too much from a young band?

The second set seemed much more consistent: two tracks from the *On The Ghost Train* EP set things off well, "Wildwind" leading into a new song called "Wheels Of Your Heart", an interesting piece about how one's life soon starts to revolve around a loved one. "We Climb", the autobiographical song with lines like *"climb that mountain"* and *"hearts that seldom bleed"* saw the guitarist streak out some eerie keyboard-work while the rhythm section mercilessly held a beat.

The pace slowed for the seductive "Temptation", some spacey instrumentation with enough gaps for the singer to inject some remarkable drama, before they bowed out on a high with their new single, "Point Of No Return".

Echo Eleven are a five piece synth-pop outfit. Clearly, they are prepared to fall or stand on the merits of their music alone, for visually they are quite flat and unappealing, a state of affairs not particularly offset by their slide show.

Musically, they are an interesting amalgam of melodic rhythms, strong currents and a keyboard that verges on jazz. They need to get tighter and learn to pace themselves, and I'm not sure it's to their benefit that their singer has to also handle lead and rhythm guitar duties.

I suspect that such numbers as "The Way Of Devo" and "'Prisoner" could have been handled better if these roles were shared.

In spite of their patchiness, Echo Eleven come across as solid, dependable and committed — quite a change from the cheapskate glam and shallow gimmicks abounding in the nui-Sydney rock.

— MARK CROMELIN

Uriah Heep/ Pallas

Venue: Hammersmith Odeon, London

The very thought of this gig alone sent me to sleep, but I was going to be pleasantly surprised.

Pallas turned in a fine support set and went down a storm, 'Dinosaur' and 'Santruary' being the standout cuts, ozzing with keyboard wizardry and musicianship of the highest degree. But a challenge to the headliners?

How can you threaten an institution like Uriah Heep? With almost 20 LPs under their belt, nothing can stop them now, and while Black Sabbath and others have fallen by the wayside, the Heep machine just keeps on producing the goods.

Tonight they delivered golden oldies material and newer AOR-style from 'Abominog' onwards. Favourites like 'July Morning', 'Easy Livin', and 'The Wizard' worked the crowd into a frenzy, while the newer stuff also gained the crowd's respect.

Kerslake and Box's solos were snoozable stuff, however, and that's really my only moan. Come on, it's 1985! Solos went out with the NWOBHM.

— KELV HELLRAZER

Robert Plant

Venue: Worcester, Massachusetts

No getting around it, this was a Led Zep crowd; frisked in the dusty parking lots for beer and dope, scruffy, rowdy, loud and definitely ready to rock 'n' roll.

And surprise. . . the golden-haired one delivered! After Live Aid, I thought only former Rolling Stones dancing with black women still knew how to shake and stir.

I stand corrected. To watch Plant phallic-dancing with his microphone while duelling one-to-one with a screeching guitar is to see a man who has lost none of his raw energy, talent or love for rafter-shaking rock 'n' roll. So what if it's Robbie Blunt, not Jimmy Page, wrenching waves of ear-splitting sound from a guitar? This was not Led Zeppelin and was never meant to be.

Besides, *they* would never have stooped to the shameful commercialism of 'Too Loud'. We should have known something rotten was in the air when the former lemonsqueezer announced, "We're trying to get a hit single so we can be. . .uh, whatever it is you're supposed to be. Something like what Phil Collins is." At least he still has a sense of humour.

Surprisingly, 'Little By Little' came off as the best song of the night, probably because the headliner graciously stepped aside to let the lead guitarist really strut his stuff.

Part two of the show started with the first encore when, in a *whoosh* of bottled air, three giant silver balloons rose to form a floor to ceiling backdrop in the shape of a circa 1950 Cadillac bumper and grille. Presto . . . The Honeydrippers, horns and all, swaying gently to 'Sea Of Love'.

At this point, reality and fantasy are dangerously close to merging. Is Plant a virtuoso or just versatile? His style never changes (save for video filming), his power never falters, yet he sings with unmatched passion-songs from every musical era of the last 30 years.

Encore number four brought me back to earth as we snuck backstage for a free beer, just in time to see Plant and company whisked away in a blur of white stretch-limos, beautiful girls and sloppy swigs of cognac. Rest easy, fans. Some things will always remain the same.

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IN PRINT

Annie Lennox: A Little Bit Twee, A Little Bit New

by Liz Breit

It's been something like ten years since David Bowie swept through America wearing a dress and yet, the Americans were still not ready for Annie Lennox, the female vocalist of the Eurythmics.

Like the early Bowie, Annie likes to alternate between male and female clothing for her stage performances and tells interviewers that she's "happier to be compared with a man than a woman".

Two new books have hit the stands, both titled *Eurythmics*. One is penned by Paul Roland and the other, by Tony Jasper. The difference in the books is in the size, (Jasper producing a more broader version), and their photo collections.

American readiness for the androgynous singer was demonstrated at the Grammy awards when the Eurythmics had been nominated for the Best New Artists. Tony Jasper tells the story of the evening: "The 25-million plus selling *Thriller* album man Michael had arrived with Brooke Shields, the young film star and hearthrob of countless young American males. Their appearance attracted the newspaper and magazine writers and photographers but they were stopped in their tracks by Annie, who appeared dressed as a man with fake sideburns in the manner of her 'Who's That Girl' video. The assembled hordes gasped and stared.

"And these, after all, were supposedly people who would say that had seen everything you can produce in show biz entertainment circles!"

Of the two books, Paul Roland presents the most concise background information on both Annie Lennox and partner, Dave Stewart.

"Ann Lennox was born on December 25th, 1954 in Aberdeen's Fonthill Hospital. Her father, a shipyard worker, struggled to put her through the private Aberdeen High School for girls which encouraged her latent musical talents. By her early teens she was an accomplished flautist, playing in several chamber ensembles and local amateur orchestras . . .

"By 17, she was ready to leave for London and three years studying piano, harpsicord and flute at the Royal Academy of Music. But her love of music and in particular classical music was stifled by the rigid attitudes of the tutors and their dry approach. She left before completing her studies, angered by the inflexible nature of the music itself which she felt left no room for self-expression. 'I hated the place, all the boys were gay and the girls all thought they were Maria Callas. I had a huge row with my conductor because the whole thing just developed into a pose. It made me reevaluate all my ideas about music. So I decided to be a singer instead, started writing and left?

"Three years of loneliness followed as she drifted through a number of casual jobs; waitress, market stall holder and singer with unremarkable bands. At night she returned to her bedsit, an experience recalled in *This City Never Sleeps*, which seemed at the time to be a definite dead end.

This was until she met Dave Stewart and his songwriter friend Pete Coombes in early Spring 1977."

Dave Stewart came from a totally different kind of background than Annie. He was; "born in Sunderland on September 9th, 1952. His father, a child psychologist, gave him and his elder brother John a free reign whilst experimenting with food colorings. Dave claims blue porridge and green potatoes were served in order to test the effect of color on the appetite....Dave's mother was apparently 'blessed' with a hyperactive mind which meant that she would go off at a tangent every so often and talk about several things at once.

"But that's not all: 'She had a disturbingly vivid imagination. When I brought some friends round to see Scott of the Antarctic on television, she covered the whole room in white sheets, and pulled out some rucksacks and left the window open so it was bitterly cold. I just got used to that sort of thing, and felt totally secure within it.'

"This somewhat unusual childhood was balanced by a healthy interest in sport which was unfortunately curtailed when he broke a knee joint during a football match. A lengthy stay in hospital followed and young Dave was confined to bed and boredom until someone brought him a guitar to while away the time. A quick learner, he soon picked up the basics and on his return home taught himself blues licks from his elder brother's record collection."

Both books tell the same story about the meeting of Annie and Dave. They were introduced by Pete Coombes "over a meal at the restaurant where Annie was working as a waitress. Dave's first words to her were 'will you marry me!'. But Annie was not put off, though she thought him 'a serious nutter!' and they went back to her flat to mull over plans and listen to each other's songs. 'I knew Dave was someone special . . . from that night on, we were inseperable."

Together they formed the Tourists and recorded a revival of Dusty Springfield's 'I Only Want To Be With You'. But always their image has somehow been the target of media coverage.

Jasper writes, "given the modern media's pre-occupation with image rather than musical creativity, it could hardly be surprising, although Annie fought against it and tried to ensure in early Tourist days that Dave would be seen as co-equal."

To some though, Annie's wish to be 'neither male nor female' attracts attention to herself to the exclusion of Dave instead of being seen as the statement she is trying to make. Roland writes: "She's defying the rules of her profession by wriggling free from each straitjacket they try to hold her in. Annie will not stand still; Annie will not be filed under 'Vocalist — female'. "About her 'style' Annie is quoted: "I'm a very female person, but men seem to want to call my confidence, my positive awareness of myself, aggression. So many men still can't cope with the idea of the non-submissive female. I suppose it's part of some deep-seated castration complex! I'm not threatened by men and they shouldn't feel threatened by me, I love men."

Dave certainly has never felt threatened by her and enjoys the people she creates for their performances.

Jasper writes about their relationship: "Away from the musical arena, a love partnership flowered between them. It was a shifting affair and in many respects, some of their material stems from the topsy turvy nature of their love. Annie once said: 'Our relationship ranges from really intense battles to very close friends, when we know we'll never be able to work with anyone else. All the songs we've written have been in circumstances when we've been just about to split up, but something comes together again and each time it's stronger than before.'

"Annie often maintains that she would never have gone into records if it had not been for Dave who had the know-how of the music business. Music was of course to win in their total relationship for they found they couldn't be lovers and group members at the same time. Dave says: 'We have different personalities. My flat has stuff all over the floor and tapes hanging out of cupboards. Annie's flat is very precise. But that works well — if we were both like me, we'd probably have about a thousand unfinished songs, and if we were both like Annie we'd probably have just one single every two years! I have to limit myself what I give her, 'cos she would be too confused and overwhelmed if I gave her too much rubbish, so she'll select the best of what she's writing and we come together on a new song."

• *Eurythmics (Tony Jasper, Allen & Unwin, $12.95), Eurythmics (Paul Roland, Proteus, $4.95).*

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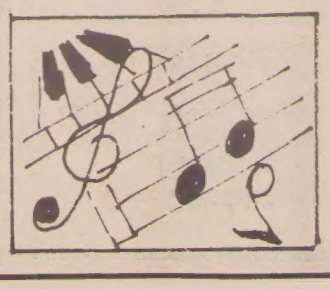

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24 Caledonian Hotel
HEAVEN
21 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 22 Centre Club, Morwell, 23 Prince of Wales, 24 Central Club, 25 Prospect Hill
HELLCATS
21 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 22 Centre club Hotel, 23 Prince of Wales, 24 The Rock Garden, 25 Prospect Hill
THE HEP CATS
24 Mentone Hotel
HITKICKERS
20 Black Prince Club, Nth Melb, 22 St Albans Hotel, 23 Eureka Hotel, Richmond, 24 Edwards Tavern
HONEYMOON IN GREEN
23 14 Anthony St, City
BRENDA HORIN
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, The Regent Hotel
JUDEE HORIN
23 Knox Club, 24 Crab Cooker Rest
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
21 Traralgon Hotel
INNER SLEEVES
23 Venetian Room
IN VOGUE
22 Rock Garden
JACKO
25 North Star Hotel
NIK JANEV
22 Reservoir Hotel, 23 West Brunwick Hotel, 24 Railway Hotel, Yarraville
JOHNNY SAID SO
24 Tropicana Club
JON MOL
23 Sentimental Bloke Hotel, 25 Somerville Hotel
KRISTIN KEAM
24 The Regent Hotel
PAUL KELLY & FRIENDS (ACOUSTIC SET)
23 Aberdeen, 24 Corner Hotel, Richmond
KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
21 Burwood College, 22 Billboard, 23 Billboard, 24 Sth Barwon Activities, 25 Kernotthall, Morwell
KING JERKLEWS
23 The Club
KU KLUX FRANKENSTEIN
21 Le Tote
SHAUN LEAHY
21, 22, 23, 24, 25 The Sundance, Falls Creek
LIMITED EDITION
24 Aberdeen
THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS
24 Menzies Creek Hall
LOCAL ISSUE
22 Argo Inn, 23 Edwards Tavern, 24 Flinders Hotel, 25 Eureka Hotel, Richmond
LOONEY TUNES
23 Centre Club Hotel
ANDY LUTZE & ELECTRIC CO
22 North Eastern Hotel, Benalla, 24 Criterian Hotel, Ballarat
PAUL MCKAY SOUND
21, 23, 24 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
PATRICK MCMAHON
19 Cramers, 23 Bensons
MILK ROCK
23 Grosvenor Hotel
THE MOFFS
22 Prince of Wales, 23 Venetian Room, 24 The Tote, 25 Central Club
MOONEE VALLEY DRIFTERS
23 Aberdeen, 24 The Tote
MOTELS
22 Melb. Sports And Ent. Centre, 23, 24 The Venue
MURPHYS HARDWARE
24 Venetian Room
NEON CHANT
21 Duke of Edinburgh
NEXT QUESTION
24 Venetian Room
NITESHIFT
23 New Boundary Hotel
NO NONSENSE
19, 20, 21 Mt Buller, 23 Moonee Ponds Tavern 24 Village Green Hotel
NO QUARTER
22 Duke of Edinburgh
NO VERDICT
23 Duke of Edinburgh
OUT TO LUNCH
23 Union Hotel, Windsor
NELLIE PACKER BAND
21 New Orleans Hotel 23, 24 Clickitys, Carlton
BRENT PARLANE
19 Carlton Club 21 Harp Hotel, Kew 22 Rising Sun, Port Melb 23 Rye Hotel 24 Hatters Castle 25 One-C-One
PHANTOM BAND
19 Prince of Wales, 23 Prospect Hill
P.R.
19 Prospect Hill
PSYCHOTIC STAIRS
Tiger Lounge
PURE HEARTS
19 Stockade Hotel
RACONTEURS
21 Stockade Hotel
RAM BAND
22 Argo Inn
RANDY & JAH ROOTS
24 Terminus Hotel (arvo) Richmond Social Club (night)
REVEREND BLUES & THE BLUES MESSENGERS
24 Bensons (early), Billboard (late)
RIN TIN TIN
w4 Prince of Wales
PETER ROBERTS
20 Clickitys, Carlton
ROCK STEADY
22 Moonee Ponds Tavern 23 Beaumaris Hotel, 24 The Palace, 25 Edwards Tavern
MARTY ROSE
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Arlberg, Mt Buller, 25 Clickitys, Carl-
S.A.S.
22 Grosvenor Hotel
SCAT
22 Edwards Tavern 23 New Boundary Hotel 24 Anchor & Hope Tavern
SOL SEBASTIAN
19 Albion Hotel 21 Rising Sun Hotel, Port Melb 23 Grosvenor Hotel 24 St. Andrews Hotel
SEMINAL RATS
20 Grosvenor Hotel
SERIOUS LIES
19 Prospect Hill
SEVEN DESPERATE MEN
22 New Orleans Hotel
SHARKS
22 Esplanade Hotel 24 Grosvenor Hotel (arvo), Carlton Club (eve)
SHOW AND TELL
23 City Limits
THE SLAUGHTERMEN
22 The Engine Room
SMILING INFANTS
22 Creole Club
SNAPP
22 Riverside Hotel 23 Prospect Hill 24 Village Green
SOLE TWISTERS
22 Panton Hill Hotel, 23 Village Green, 24 Bensons Nite Spot
SOUNDS LIKE
23, 24 Ivor Whittaker Lodge, Mt Buller
SPANIARDS
21 Ashleys 22 The Palace 23 Ferntree Gully Hotel 24 Prospect Hill
SPELL ELLE
22 Fitzroy Hotel, Windsor, 23 Royal Hotel, Richmond
STAND AT EASE
22 Duke of Edinburgh
STEALERS
22 Central Hotel, Brighton, 24 Somerville Hotel
STONEY CREEK
22 Springvale Hotel 23 Altona Workingmans Club
STRIKER
22 Sydenham Hotel
SURROUND
22 Wheelans Dava Hotel
SWEET TALK
23 Moonee Ponds Tavern
TAKING THE VEIL
22 Prince of Wales
T.C. & THE BABY BOOM
24 Prince of Wales
TEX NOBODY
22 Rising Sun Hotel, 25 Esplanade Hotel
TINA & THE TORNADOES
22 Raps Room, 24 Hawthorn F.C.
TINSLEYS LOUNGE LIZARD
21 Kamikaze Cafe, 22 Great Britain Hotel, Richmond, 24 Central Hotel, Brighton
TOTAL FIRE BAND
23 St Johns, Ferntree Gully
TOTAL STRANGERS
21 Prince of Wales
TROUBLE IN RUSSIA
23 Duke of Edinburgh
TRY BREATHING
21 Rock Garden
TYRUS
22 SYDENHAM Hotel, 23 Prince of Wales
U BOYS
24 Prospect Hill
THE URGE
23 Grosvenor Hotel
KARL VAN EST
21 Menzies At Rialto, 24 Ashleys, 25 Morwell Hotel/Motel
VENETTAS TAXI
24 Tropicana Club (arvo)
VICIOUS CIRCLE
21 Le Tote
THE VINCENTS
25 Union Hotel, Windsor
VINNIE & THE VIBRATORS
19 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
WASTED DAZE
23 14 St Anthony St, City
TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND
23 Elsternwick Hotel
THE WAZOO'S
23 Bridge Mall Hotel
WILD TURKEY
22 Stockade Hotel
WINE
20 Rock Garden, 21 St Andrews Hotel, St Andrews
WOMEN & CHILDREN FIRST
20 Prince of Wales, 21 Tankerville Arms, 22 Kingston Hotel, 23 Rhumbaralla's Cafe
GAVIN WOOD
21 Croydon Hotel, 22 Heidelberg Civic Ctre, 24 Frankston Skate Ranch
ZIMMERMEN
23 Le Tote
ZURICH ZOO
21 Cricketers Arms, Richmond

N.S.W.

ANAPAEST & THE SHORT SHORT LONGS
21 Mosman Hotel
ANTHONY & RICK
19,20,21,22,23,24 Perisher Valley
AUSTEN TAYSHUS
24 Corrimal L.C.
JIMMY BARNES/SWANEE
20 Newcastle Workers Club 21 Newcastle Workers Club
IAN BEAM
19 Shanneys
BEATNIX
21 Gunnedah RSL 22 Imperial Hotel, Armidale 23 Moree RSL 24 Casina RSM 25 Byron Bay Arts Factory
BLUES NIGHT
21 Shanneys
BOBBY SOX
22 Castle Hill RSL 24 Sydney Cove Tavern
CYRIL B BUNTER
20 DiDi's 24 Cambridge Tavern
CACTUS FEVER
21 Caringbah Inn
CASTLES IN SPAIN
21 Smiggins Hole Hotel 23 Smiggins Hole Hotel 24 Smiggins Hole Hotel
CHALLENGE
21,22,23 Perisher Valley Inn
THE COCKROACHES
23 Dee Why Hotel 24 Selinas
COUNTERFEIT
21 Stallions, Parramatta 22 Eastwood Hotel 23 Sylvania Hotel 24 Hotel Manly 25 Nth Cronulla Hotel
DANCE PARK
25 Wentworthville RSL
KIRK DAVIS
20 Shanneys
DAYTIME ACTORS
24 Sydney Cove Tavern
DECKCHAIRS OVERBOARD
23 NSW Uni Roundhouse
DECLINE OF THE REPTILES
23 Mosman Hotel
DELLTONES
23 Springwood RSL 24 St. Marys Leagues Club
DER STRAZA
24 Jolly Roger, Newcastle
DIED PRETTY
23 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
DO RE MI
20 Tivoli
DYNAMIC DUO
25 General Bourke Hotel
EASY MONEY
23 Blacktown Inn
ECHO ELEVEN
23 Manzil Room
THE EDDYS
23 Shanneys, Hurstville
EGA NINJAS
23 Eastwood Hotel 24 Chester Hill Hotel
JON ENGLISH & THE FOSTER BROS
25 Ingleburn RSL
ERWODLES
21 Mosman Hotel
ESCAPE
23 Hills Inn 24 Sutherland Royal Hotel
THE EXPRESSION
23 Roxon Room 24 Hawkesbury Sports Club
FAT TIME
21 Hotel Manly 23 Moby Dick Surfers Club 24 Manzil Room
FLIES
24 Picadilly Hotel
FOREIGN BODY
22 Manzil Room
FOREVER FIFTEEN
23 Cronulla Workers
GEISHA
19 Didi's
GENERATION
20 Sheilas 21 Cock & Bull Tavern 22 Hotel Manly 23 Revesby Workers (early, Jaggers (late) 24 King Tomislav Croation Club 25 Sefton Hotel
GLAM SAVAGES
24 Mosman Hotel
TERRY HALLIDAY BAND
22 Bayview Hotel, Woy Woy, 23 Taree RSL Club
HAPPY HATE ME NOTS
24 Hills Inn
HOODOO GURUS
22 Castle Hill RSL, 23 Campbelltown LC, 24 Cardiff Workers Club
HOT SHOTS
23 Broadway Hotel
IDEA
20 Mitchell Coll, Bathurst, 21 DiDi's, 23 Patchs Nightclub, Darlinghurst
JOHNNYS
19 San Miguel, 21 Caringbah Inn, 23 St Marys Band Club, 24 Hills Inn
JUST FROST
23 Chester Hill Hotel, 24 Old Windsor Tavern
JOHN KENNEDYS LOVE GONE WRONG
20 Tivoli
KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
20 Jindabyne Hotel
KITES
24 Stallions
LABRADOGS
24 Mosman Hotel
LAYABOUTS
21 Bull & Bush Hotel, 23 Cumberland Coll, Lidcombe
MACHINATIONS
21 Dee Why Hotel, 22 Tivoli, 23 NSW IT Union, Sydney, 2 Shellharbour Workers, 25 St George Budapest Soccer
MELTING SKYSCRAPERS
24 Sylvania Hotel
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
21 Tamworth Workers Club, 23 Glen Innes Dist Services Club, 20 Dubbo RSL
MIRRORED IMAGE
25 Local Inn
MISTER SISTER
19 Stallions, 22 Shanneys, 23 Hilton Hotel, 24 Stallions, 25 Nth Wollongong Hotel
MONDO ROCK
24 Selinas
MOTIONS
19, 20 Stallions
MOVING PICTURES
23 Balmain LC
NEWBREED
23 Kentucky Tavern, Parramatta
NO ANSA
23 Hills Inn
NO MANS LAND
23 Mosman Hotel
NON STOP DANCERS
24 Corrimal LC
OCEAN BY OCEAN
19 AIRDS High School, Campbelltown, 20 Campbelltown High School (early), 20 Ingleburn Girls High School (late), 21 Hornsby Girls High School (early), 21 Hornsby RSL (late), 22 Caringbah High School (early), 22 Sheilas, 23 Wiley Park Girls High (early), 23 Leumeah Inn (late)
DOUG PARKINSON
20 Stallions, 22 Manly Pacific Hotel, 24 Maroubra Beach Hotel
PARKIN ZONE
24 Brookvale Hotel
PARTY GIRLS
25 PARKWAY Hoi
PASSION
23 Rooty Hill RSL, 24 Sheilas
PEOPLE
21 Sweethearts, 23 Leumeah Inn, 24 Sydney Cove Tavern
THE PLATS
23 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
PLAYBIRDS
19 St James Tavern (lunch), 21 Hornsby RSL, 22 Caringbah Inn (lunch), Marayong Hotel (night), 23 Woolloomoolloo Bay Hotel (arvo), Belfield (night), 24 Eastwood Hotel (lunch), DiDi's (night)
THE POUND
21 Blacktown Inn, 22 Picadilly Hotel, 23 Strawberry Park Hotel, Sefton
PRIVATE
21 Dee Why Hotel, 22 Tivoli, 23 Mona Vale Hotel, 24 Shellharbour Workers, 25 St George Budapest Soccer Club
THE PROMISE
23 Sydney Cove Tavern, 24 Hawkesbury Sports Club
RADIO ACTIVE
25 Parkway Hotel, Frenchs Forest
RAVEN
22 DiDi's, 23 Botany RSL, 24 Kentucky Tavern, Parramatta
RED TAPE
20 Epping Hotel, 21 Stallions, 22 Cambridge Tavern, 23 DiDi's, 25 Caringbah Inn
SAHARA
22 Stallions, 24 Manning River Sailing Club
SAMURAI TRASH
23 NSW Uni Roundhouse
SAVANNAH
23 Stallions
THE SCREAM
22 Sandringham Hotel, Newtown, 23 Jininderra High School, Canberra, 24 Cambah High School, Canberra
SEALEKTRIX
23 Whitehouse Inn
SERAPHIM
24 Banjos, Gladesville
SHINDIGGERS
19, 20 The Man, Falls Creek, 22 Royal Sutherland Hotel, 24 Harold Park Hotel, 25 Sydney Trade Union Club
SNAKE
23 Caringbah Inn
SOLDIER
25 Collingwood Hotel
SONS OF GUNS
22 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
STIG CAN'T CLAP
22 Mosman Hotel
STORMY MONDAY
22 Sylvania Hotel
STUPIDITY
24 Sydney Cove Tavern, 23 Dee Why Hotel
SURPRISE, SURPRISE
24 International Youth Concert, Camden
SWEET
20 Cardiff Workers club, 21 Lithgow Workers Club, 22 Jaggers, 23 Wyong L.C., 24 Port Kembla L.C., 25 Leeton Soldiers Club
SWINGING BLUE JEANS
25 Caringbah Inn
EVA SZABO
24 Cronulla Sutherland L.C.
TEMPER TEMPER
20 Mitchell Coll, Bathurst
TOGER ,AM
24 Shanneys
TIME AFTER TIME
22 Picadilly Hotel, 23 West Ryde Hotel
T.M.G.
21 Kentucky Tvern, Parramatta
TORRID ZONE
22, 24 Hilton Hotel, 25 Silverwater Speedboat Club
TOXIC WAVE
24 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
URBAN GUERILLAS
22 Sandringham Hotel, Newtown, 23 Jininderra High School, Canberra, 24 Cambah High School, Canberra
WALKING WOUNDED
24 Whitehouse Inn
THE WIDOWED ISIS
21 Manzil Room
WILD FIRE
23 General Bourke Hotel
YOUR FANATICS
22 Stallions, 23 Hotel Manly, 24 Illawarra Leagues
YOUNG HEARTS
23 Mona Vale Hotel

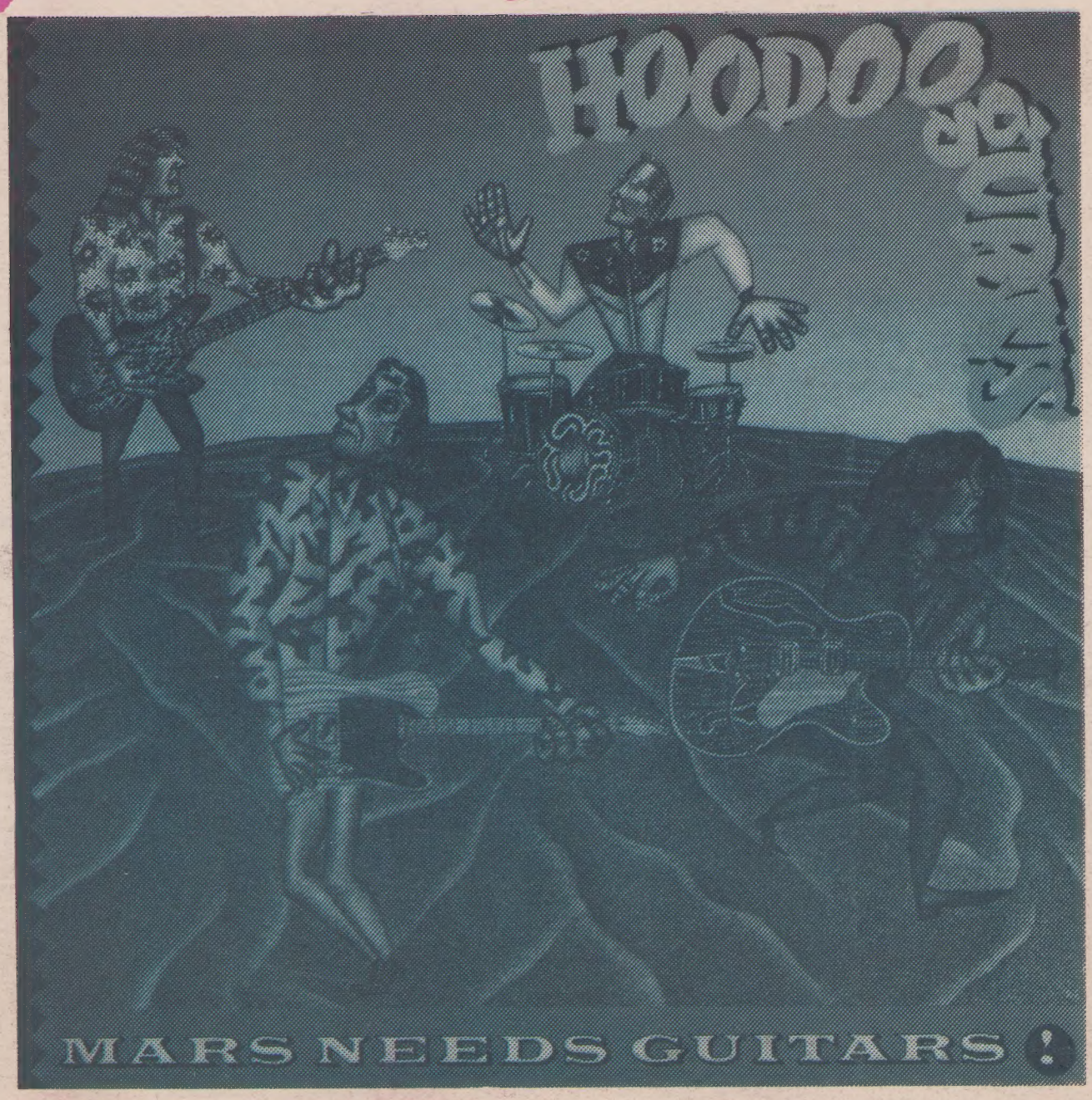
QLD.

IAN DOYLE'S CRUISERS
23 Rivervale Hotel
BAY CITY ROLLERS
20 Sugarland Tavern, Bundaberg, 21 Rockhampton Civic Ctre, 22 Mackay Reception Centre, 23 Mansfield Tavern, Townsville, 24 Canecutter Hote,, Innesvale
DOGS NEXT DOOR
20,21,22,23,24,25 Metropolitan Hotel, Mackay
DO RE MI
22 Bombay Rock, 23 Qld Uni Refectory, 24 Jet Club, 25 Homestead Hotel
JIMMY BARNES/SWANEE
23 Mansfield Tavern, Brisbane, 24 Mansfield Tavern, 25 Playroom, Gold Coast
JOHN KENNEDYS LOVE GONE WRONG
22 Bombay Rock
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
24 Bombay Rock

S.A.

BRIAN CADD
22, 23 Le Rox
HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS
23 Old Lion Hotel, 24 Findon Hotel, 25 Tivoli Hotel
ROCKIT 88
24 Le Rox

HOODOO GURUS HOODOO GURUS



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